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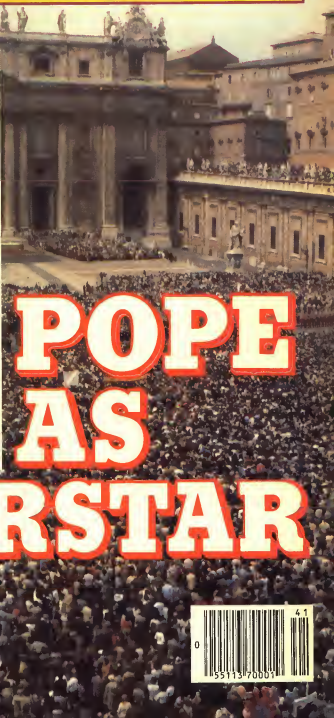
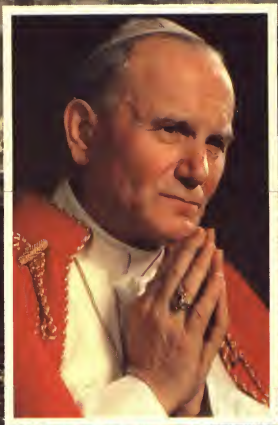
CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



# Maclean's

OCTOBER 8, 1979

75¢



## POPE AS SUPERSTAR







## There's oinking in the Tory barnyard but the sties are filled with Grits

By Robert Lewis

One reason for the demise of Pierre Trudeau's Liberals was disgust in the land about their slovenly manners around the public trough. Bryce Mackenzie's seven-year appointment as the \$90,000-a-year Air Canada chairman was perhaps the most dramatic evidence that few true Grits westward were in the past 36 years. Politics in power have always used patronage to grease their machinery at public expense, but under the Grits the pork barrel took on the dimensions of a barnyard.

Often the more obscure the post, the more outrageous the abuse. Joe Flynn, 55, a backstreets Liberal MP in Kitchener, was encouraged not to run in the last election. The current being a 10-year re-appointment to the Canadian Pension Commission, where he can earn up to \$38,806 a year. Dorothy Petre was a tireless organizer for the Liberals in Toronto and, for rendered service, now sits on the Immigration Appeal Board. Her term, according to government records, was for a staggering 21 years until 1997, during which time her pay rose nine orders of magnitude to \$46,200. It may only be coincidence that last year she became Mrs. Keith Dancy, marrying the 54-year-old political fundraiser appointed to the Senate by former prime minister Lester Pearson (salary and expenses per annum until age 75 \$54,900).

After their election, the Conservatives slobbered and grew weak in the knees at the prospect of being able to pick boards, agencies and commissions with their political pals. "I believe in an equal opportunity office for Progressive Conservatives," exclaimed one key Joe Clark adviser. With Parliament opened Oct. 9, the Tories are expected to fill some heads Clark used to defeat candidate Jean Pigeon in charge of drawing up lists and finding vacancies. Trouble was, the Liberals didn't forget to close the cupboard. They left out a scrap to suggest even the outlines of the Liberal family tree.

In desperation Pigeon turned to Clare Wescott, the widow of Bill and legends for Rits Davis at Queen's Park. Wescott gave Pigeon helpful suggestions about taking control, then loaned some staffers to the cause. Pigeon, meanwhile, leans on the Privy Council Office and reluctant Crown corporations to provide names of appointed members and



Pigeon: "Operation Fresh Air" built around by an office reeking chair and cooing the

data of upcoming vacancies. The fruit of the labor is now ripened between the covers of four yellow-covered books which Pigeon proudly presented to Clark in the skies over Northern Ontario on Aug. 22, as the official delegation returned from touring John Diefenbaker. For the first time the PM could linger over details of more than 2,000 positions, which are now his pleasant duty to fill.

However, the bad news is that the pork barrel is full, and the Clark people are staggered by some of the terms of office. At the Tax Review Board, for example, former Liberal justice minister Louise Gauthier has 10 years to go as chairman, with a pay scale that can rise to \$60,000. At the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission, where the chairmanship is vacant following the resignation of Justice Gauthier, Pierre Curran, old Trudeau friend, Jacques Hébert will sit as a part-time commissioner (\$255 per day, plus expenses of \$75) until March, 1991.

There is, to be sure, some good news for the Tories. There are two openings on the National Parks Board, two on the Anti-Dumping Tribunal, eight on the board of the Advisory Council on the Status of Women—not to mention the honorific affairs of the Blue Water Bridge Authority, and the Inter-American Tropical Tuna Commission.

Pigeon does not lack for names—in fact with 1,200 of them, she has more suggestions than peas. "This talent bank," she purrs from a chair beneath her private collection of memorabilia and figures, "is not all Tories. I hope a good number of them will be. But there are a lot of Canadians out there who are not technically involved in partisan politics who should serve." Pigeon now to remove the occasional label from "my dear yellow books" (Of the old Liberal patronage system she opines: "It was a pretty closed corporation. By God, mine's going to be called Operation Fresh Air.")

Despite Pigeon's honey opinions, an image buttressed by the office reeking chair and cooing tin, there are grounds for skepticism about the Tories' willingness to show and tell. Take the case of Ralph Stewart, the Liberal MP who, despite a Trudeau promise of a job on the Canadian Transport Commission, crossed to the Conservatives but failed to win a nomination for the last election. Last week Stewart was clearing out his papers in Pigeon's shop to take up new duties as Clark's counsel general in Atlanta. Asked what Stewart's salary and terms will be, a Clark aide quipped: "Oh, that's too open. I don't think I could tell you that."



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## Tears and sweat: the Mac-Paps back in Spain

By Eve Drobot

"France must be rolling over in his grave," whooped Johnny Johnson, as Berni flight 915 from Montreal touched down in Madrid early on the morning of Aug. 17. Johnson first saw Spain over dawn 48 years ago from the top of the Pyrenees. Then 36 years old, he had spent all night moaning the mountains on foot, carrying on his back for two-thirds of the way a young Scotsman who had twisted his ankle on a rock. Johnson was one of 1,239 Canadians who had gone to join

the International Brigades in the Spanish civil war of 1936 to 1939.

Of the fewer than 600 Canadian veterans of the civil war who returned to Canada there are about 150 still alive, and of that number only 80 were in good enough shape physically and financially to make this year's pilgrimage back to the battle sites. As it was, the air-conditioned bus ferrying the men and several of their wives around made the group look like just another senior citizens' tour rather than a delegation of ex-warriors. But they were tourists with a special purpose. "We have come here as a group," explained Russ Russell, president of the Veterans of the International Brigades, Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion of Canada. "Because we all got killing older and we feel we have a responsibility to those comrades who died here."

The Spanish civil war began on July 17, 1936, when a group of generals (later to be led by Francisco Franco) staged a coup against the duly elected Popular Front, republican government. The rebels' plan was a simple one: concentrate, a military coup, but they had not counted on the strength of civilian resistance. Despite massive financial and military support from Hitler and Mus-



Canadian Spanish civil war veterans on tour (left); Franco reviews his own guard, 1943, remembering the comrades who fell

solini, the insurgents did not succeed in capturing Madrid until March, 1939. In those three years, some 60,000 volunteers from Europe and North America joined the ranks of the republican army against Franco.

They considered themselves "premature anti-fascists," political activists, many of them members of the trade union movement and various left-wing groups (including the Communist party) who recognized the conflict in Spain as a prelude to a larger war. "I felt we would have to fight fascism sooner or later," recalled George Tap for of Saskatoon, "and I figured better sooner than later." The foreigners who found themselves in Spain during those years included Ernest Hemingway, Hugh Garner, George Orwell, André Malraux, the poets Stephen Spender and W.H. Auden and Dr. Norman Bethune.

The returning group of Canadians was hardly an official delegation. At the time of the civil war the Mackenzie

King government, as a member of the parliamentary committee made up primarily of England, France and the U.S., passed the Foreign Enlistment Act specifically to prevent volunteers from going to Spain. That act, which is still in the books, provided for two years' hard labor and a \$5,000 fine for any Canadian serving in a foreign army. While none of those who went was prosecuted under it, the men were never recognized as veterans and to this day are not entitled to pension and medical care.

Only way we knew it was the front—it was a very movable front—was because of the dead bodies wearing our dog tags scattered by the road." The trenches they dug are still visible, although now overgrown with wild thyme and rosemary.

This site held almost pleasant memories for the volunteers because it represented one of their few victories. Heavily outnumbered and equipped with only a few machine-guns, they held their ground against enemy aircraft and heavy artillery bombardments. Brennan pointed to the neatly cultivated fields below. "Our water tanks got stuck down there, in no-man's land. I had the job of taking groups across at night to fill our canteens. We ran the risk of snipers and Fascist patrols but the worst was being fired on by our own men. I guess they were just trigger-happy."

Then nostalgia never was interrupted by the appearance of a Spaniard. After much gesturing and murmuring in broken Spanish and pidgin English, it turned out that he wanted to know why they were trespassing on his property. "We are brigadistas," offered Maurice Constant, not quite sure what sort of reaction this information will provoke. The Spaniard smiled but did not embrace them. It seems he was a colonel with the Moroccan Legion. He fought at Jarama too, but on the other side.

Almost everywhere they went, the vets were reminded that they lost the war. The most depressing part of the trip was a visit to the Valley of the Fallen, a massive crypt built into the side of the foothills of the Guadarrama Mountains. Franco had this monument to the Fascist ideal built between 1942 and 1949, using republican prisoners of war as laborers. The grandeur of the monument, which died in 1975, started to sink in as the Canadians filed past the stone marking his remains. Several of the men's legs were tightly pressed. A dead Spaniard broke the stream of self-restraint by slapping his feet down on the gold lettering. His wife clutched his hand. Bill Beeching of Regina aimed his camera at the sombre gathering. "Look over here," he said. "I want to record your grief." "Not bloody likely," retorted George Solomon through clenched teeth.

But the purpose of the tour was not only to relive memories, both good and bad. The veterans were carrying with them specially made plaques, showing an International Brigades insignia superimposed on a maple leaf and bearing the inscription "Los Canadienses 1936" to present to various Spanish groups. On the evening of Aug.

John Paves, Montreal at Spanish battle site, a memorable tour, marked by the dead

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## Frontlines

30, the Mao-Papa climbed into taxis and headed across Madrid to a large, stuffy apartment where they met with the associates of Jo-Papa—former prisoners of Franco and their families. The air in the three rooms quickly became stifling and it was difficult to tell whether it was because of the sweat or the tears. The Spanish government recently passed legislation making republican soldiers eligible for pensions, but the ex-prisoner organization is still illegal.

The roasted almonds, the bread and spicy sausages and the plentiful supply of wine were almost ignored as the Spaniards and Canadians drove their arms around each other and kissed. Leon Norra of Vancouver managed to quiet down the 100 people present long enough to present the plaque, but it took him a while to overcome the die of applause to get to the real part of his speech. The Canadians have collected \$100 to help the ex-prisoners and their families. Gabriel Salas, a Spaniard who fought at Jarama with the Internationalists and who spent 20 years in jail, accepted the money order with shaky hands. The fiery sentiment that the Spaniards had used in all their welcoming speeches until now deserted him, he cuts his speech short with a simple "muchas gracias, compañeros y compañeros."

The Canadians went on from Madrid to Albarracín, the headquarters of the International Brigades, and to Teruel in eastern Spain, where they had suffered their heaviest losses. As the bus wound its way through the mountains to Teruel and fluttered out into the valley below, George Fiwelak of Toronto turned to his immediate seat. "I'm glad to see that the land is fields again. It'll make it easier to bury me." Warned by his doctor not to make the trip because of a serious heart condition, Fiwelak had insisted on returning to Spain. And in Teruel the warning became a reality. Fiwelak suffered a fatal heart attack. He was buried in the town's graveyard, beside 80 Canadians who had lost their lives in the 1937 battle he had fought and survived.

When the International Brigades left Spain in 1939, they were given a farewell by republican-supporter Dolores Barrera. Now just retired, at 84, from her post as a Communist deputy in the Spanish parliament, "La Pasionaria" (as she was called because of her deeply felt emotions) had told the departing soldiers, "When the olive tree of peace brings forth its leaves again, come back to us." For the 30-Canadians, her invitation had been fulfilled. For one, Spain would be his last resting place. ☐

"I carry the sun in a golden cup."

—W.B. Yeats

Ireland's famous poet captures in words the essence of Irish Mist. Enjoy it soon.



# A con game that fakes real art

By Shona McKay

**T**here are many, many fakes in the market. Art forgery is a worldwide problem and anyone who believes otherwise is only naïve," says Dr. Max Stern, owner of the Demme Gallery in Montreal who offered expert advice in a recent art fraud trial in that city—the Rottcher case, due for sentencing this month. Forgery has become a fact of life in the Canadian art world, and it is not only the novice collector but the established museums and galleries as well for whom buying art has become a nerve-racking and risky endeavor.

The Rottcher case, in which Stern was accused, is characteristic of the complexity and confusion that blurs the murky issue of art forgery in this country. In 1955, Luciano Gallucci (now a Montreal gallery-owner) offered for sale what he believed to be genuine paintings by A. V. Jackson and his contemporary Robert Rife to the Art Exchange, a gallery in Vancouver. But the Exchange's owner, T.V. Kristjansson, recognized that the paintings were fakes, and called in the police.

A lengthy investigation ensued in which advisors of the Montreal Fraud Squad uncovered characters with assumed names, several other forged works and, eventually one Rôyan-Guy Rottcher, who was arrested in June in eight counts of fraud.

Numerous art experts, scholars, scientists and lawyers testified at the trial and the only thing they all agreed upon



is that the paintings in question were recent fakes—and, in the words of Stern, "damn good fakes." The forger (or forgers) is still at large—Rottcher was convicted only of selling the paintings—and it is speculated that when the lengthy trial is finally concluded, the identity of the faker will remain a mystery.

But the Rottcher case is only one illustration of what Mira Taylor, a curator at the National Gallery in Ottawa, calls "the whole rotten, dirty, corrupt thing." Her feelings seem justified.

**Item:** A 19th-century painting by the German artist Mathias Grunewald, bought by the Cleveland Museum for a rumored \$1 million, turned out to be a 19th-century fake.

**Item:** The magazine *Art News* noted recently that "recent research suggests that 60 per cent as many of all drawings attributed to Bach in private collections are not authentic."

**Item:** A group of Dutch scholars is currently rounding the globe to examine every accredited Rembrandt, since it is estimated that of the 600 works attributed to the master only some 300 are genuine. The Dutch team's scrutiny has already had effect in Britain, where oil paintings in the raffish of periods have widely been reduced to some vastly lesser aspect of gaudiness at least in mass.

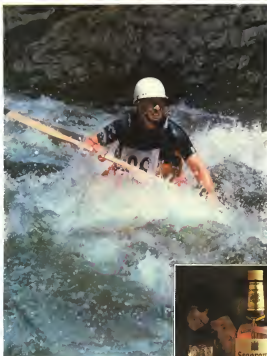
**Harper: Hooded at all levels with forgeries**

**Item:** The forgeries of Tom Keating, England's most spectacular forger (see *Maclean's*, April 6, 1971), have sold at Sotheby's auction house for \$50,000. Keating's stolen to have produced between 2,000 and 3,000 fakes. Most have remained untraceable.

The forgery problem in the works of Cornelius Krugshoff (1815-1855), one of Canada's most internationally famous artists, is legendary. Dr. J. Russell Harper, a leading Krugshoff scholar who returned earlier this year from testifying at the Keating trial in London, believes that of the 500 Krugshoffs Keating claims to have done, none has yet found its way into Canada. This is small relief in light of the fact that of the 1,200 Krugshoffs that Harper has examined in Canada, 800 are "wrong." Max Stern puts the figure even higher.

"For every genuine Krugshoff there are four fakes." Many of the would-be Krugshoffs are works by the artist's students and contemporaries onto which fake signatures have been added, but others are so new that the paint has hardly had time to dry.

The National Gallery and the Montreal Museum recently found themselves on an agreement but along with some of the world's most venerated art institutions. All had purchased, within the



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## Frontlines



past 39 years, drawings by the 18th-century French artist Jean Honoré Fragonard. The drawings, with market values of up to \$50,000, all turned out to be bogus fakes.

Asked how Canada's National Gallery had come to buy a fake Fragonard, curator Miss Taylor emphasized the fine "quality" of the work, and said that at the time there had been "no reason to suspect a forgery, as word wasn't spread about the faked Fragonards." Others involved parties were lost forever. One scholar put part of the blame on "incompetent staff and bad advice."

Understandably, many public galleries are becoming extremely cautious, if not downright paranoid, about buying paintings. Dr. Myra Rosenfeld of the Montreal Museum, when she considers a painting for purchase, says she "assumes it's a fake to begin with" and sets about proving to herself that it isn't. She relies on the opinion of experts as well as on many forms of scientific testing to determine the authenticity as well as the condition of a work. Even then, she says, a curator can expect to be wrong in a small percentage of cases.

Most professionals say that for dealers in art investment, self-education and buying from reputable dealers are the best defenses against ending up with a fake. But trying to follow this advice in Canada is to trip over a tangled mass of institutions in only a few major cities will give appraisals of works of art to the general public, and then only briefly and informally. There is no association in Canada, as there is in some countries in Europe, that will issue an official note of authenticity for any painting, drawing or sculpture. Even the Canadian Conservation Institute, which was set up to provide consultation and restoration aid to museums and individuals alike, closed all its regional offices last April, leaving only its Ottawa centre to serve the entire country.



Stern is Donatello Gutzky, seen in ancient Rome, no guarantee of the real Greek.

The problems cited everywhere is lack of money and government cutbacks. Nonetheless, scholars within the institutions are beginning to express their dissatisfaction about how the money they are given is being used. Dr. Nathan Stolow, who was with the National Gallery for 22 years as a conservations consultant, emphasizes that a great deal of money is continuing to be spent on "conspicuous and glossy programs."

These are also the feelings of Dr. Zdenka Volavka, an art historian and a professor at Toronto's York University, who has been working with the Royal Ontario Museum's African art collection for the past 4½ years on the assumption that the museum would publish her findings. The present ROM administration has now refused to publish them, once again citing lack of funds. For Volavka, the dilemma seems questionable because her study revealed many fakes within the collection as well as many rare and unique pieces and she believes "the people deserve to know what their art is worth." The decision is all the more questionable from the point of view of the general public, since Volavka has observed that "Canada is flooded with all levels of African art fakes." She estimates that of the works she is asked to assess privately, 35 per cent are forgeries.

If it is true that fakes are nothing new (and they have been around since there was a demand for Greek statues in ancient Rome), it is also true that the huge sums of money that characterize today's art world are ensuring a rise in the incidence of forgery. Perhaps the most significant and the saddest aspect of the entire affair is that the beauty of the art itself, whether authentic or faked, seems to have been pushed into the background in the minds of a vast number of patrons, collectors, and even idle observers in Canada's art world. ☐

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## And it Just Keeps Growing

**cko**  
ALL NEWS RADIO



# Eleanor, for the record

By Karpans Drogouze

**E**leanor Siskindman, Canada's one-woman band in the business of recording classical music, is peering the Manta Sound recording studio. In the early world of the musical booth, the only chair accommodating flatter than

background while scrunching sheets of paper."

The second test pressing also failed to satisfy, so did the third. Undaunted, Siskindman continued to demand a better product even after recording executives politely suggested to her that she get out of the business. But they were



Siskindman tied up with rummaging through alien vinyl for Canadian classical gems

less polite with her husband Sam Siskindman, better known as "Sam the Record Man" (Canada's leading record retailer), with their suggestion "Get your wife off our back."

In the end, Mrs. Siskindman prevailed. The pressing managers found that the only way to get rid of this pest was to reach the quality she demanded, and she accepted their work at last—in the 18th test pressing.

Going into a recording studio is no less fraught with turmoil. "It's like boarding a plane," she says, as the minutes continue to tick by at Manta Sound.

"If you're going to worry, do it beforehand because it's so late once you're there." And sure enough, Holman soon crumbles through the studio doors, eager to make up for the 90 lost and expensive minutes. "I'll give the next one credit on the cover," is all the unapologetic leader has to say as she manoeuvres him gracefully into the recording area.

From benchmark recordings such as the 14-armed set of Beethoven's 32 piano sonatas performed by Artur Schnabel, to indulgences such as classical music interpreted by a jazz ensemble, her recordings are almost beyond comparison with the lesser achievements of other Canadian classical record makers. Not that she plays the piano, bows a fiddle or sings herself ("though I hum, whistle and play hairstrings like anything")—her prowess is as a package of musical dreams.

The accomplishments of this tiny musical elf—for Siskindman, single-handedly, is *Aquasave*—reflect not only gritty determination, but the feelings of a musicianist fed up with rummaging through alien vinyl for Canadian cultural gems. "It's bad enough that we ship out close to \$250 million a year to pay for foreign records," she says, with the fluency of one who has spent this lament too many times. "The tragedy is that we export our artists too."

Many for keeps, just because there's not enough to keep them long working at home. "There is little prospect of improvement, she believes, recalling her last, pre-election visit to Ottawa where she was informed: "The government isn't interested in records—it's a drug-related industry, you know."

"And that," she says tartly, smacking her hand on the table with uncharacteristic creative, as if flattening a cock. "In my only in Canada on an opera singer of Mirella Freni's stature net have her own record in the market. Honestly, I feel more like an anarchist than anything else I have to make these recordings because no one else will. Right now, today, there

PORTRAIT

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**4** The next thing to notice about a Philishave is that when you hold it the angle of its face matches the angle of your face. This means it's as convenient to use as it is comfortable.

This fact, and the three which preceded it, are all based on the idea that the purchase of an electric shaver shouldn't be a rash decision. It is undoubtedly why more men have formed a close relationship with Philishave than any other electric shaving system in the world.

**PHILIPS**



**BEFORE YOU MAKE ANY RASH DECISIONS.**

are 20 records I should be making."

Where business is concerned, Söderman is as tough as her rumormongers, the 19th-century Eleanor of Aquitaine, queen of France first, then of England. Costumes later the queen represented as ideal for the young Eleanor Kildale, for whom Aquitaine records may be a way of getting Eleanor back to life.

On one wall of Söderman's music study, in her Mediterranean-style Toronto home, hangs an antique map of



Sam Söderman with Canadian Children's Opera Chorus: a credit on the cover for the RCMP

Aquitaine. Prominent in the living room is a lovelorn tune on the woman who was twice queen and, in Söderman's eyes, "one of the early patrons of the arts, a powerful woman who'd still be modern in the year 10,000."

But if Eleanor Söderman cherishes her title as a top classical record producer, the major foreign record companies don't see it as a hollow honor. Classical records, in them, are more a hobby than a profit-maker, representing (in the case of CBC) a mere six to seven per cent of its total sales.

"I've got the largest classical selection in North America," says Sam Söderman, "but it still only seems to eight per cent of my sales. Classical records are so unprofitable that both RCA and CBS once considered dropping them altogether."

In Canada, according to CBC Vice-President Stan Kulin, a classical record does well to sell 5,000 copies, and is judged successful at 10,000—and Mrs Söderman knows it. "So when I told Sam that Lucia Boyd's album was going to sell 25,000 copies, he must have thought, 'poor little woman!'"

He did more than think it, Sam admits. He informed his wife, straight out, that she was crazy. But the record sold more than 27,000 copies in five years—a success despite her millionaire husband and not, as cynics would have it, because of him.

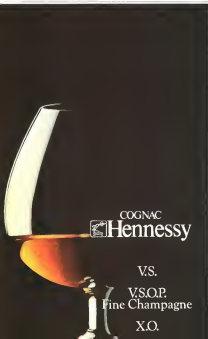
"One day I told Sam and my two boys, 'I'm finished cooking, guys. I'm doing something for myself,'" she says. "So I gave it was personal eccentricity that made me do it. To say nothing of personal myth-making—since that time, she has won more than \$100,000 into her 36-odd albums."

If accolades were gold, however, she would already be amply rewarded for her investments. The prize *Musica* magazine lavished on Kertis Beehive series ranged from "quite remarkable" to "the quality is positively astonishing." Aquitaine won a Juno Award for the season, and this year Söderman received the Grand

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## Frontlines

Pro in Hague (from the Canadian Music Council) in Ottawa) for Best Solo Recording in 1976, with offbeat Graceland. But even that of all was the cable she received from Deutsche Grammophon's head office in Hamburg—"Congratulations"—which hailed the Karla recordings. Becca said Stridman proudly. "They couldn't understand how Becca had achieved that quality outside Hamburg. Well, she simply brought the Canadian plants up to a level of excellence they never thought



Stridman in her office, a musical fit

they could reach. Now, even Deutsche Grammophon does some of its pressing in Toronto."

Agitate will keep recording "until all my senses go numb," Stridman says quietly, without any remorse for her fiscal self-judgment. "I don't know how many records I did. It certainly doesn't cover any expenses so why depress myself with figures? I've proved that beautiful, world-class records can be made in Canada and I'll keep on making the best I can—records for Canada, not for some supercilious, neo-by-the-way stretch of Toronto."

Says Stridman, why would she be inevitable? "Each record Ekman makes is a crisis, an event to be lived through," he chuckles, "and I love it." There was the recording session that stopped when the performers decided they absolutely needed a gag, so the quickly "liberated" one from a nearby Chinese restaurant.

Stridman's only regret, and it's one left deep, is that she'll never record with an orchestra. The positive recording rates charged by the American Federation of Musicians of the United

States and Canada make it just as expensive for the Regina Symphony to record for the Canadian market as for the New York Philharmonic to record for the world. "The only reason the Toronto Symphony recorded for this last time was because their Women's Committee gave CDS \$100,000 toward the cost—\$12 per second. I could make one record with an orchestra and that would be the end of me," she says, regretful that she can't provide albums such as Leon Quilley or Graceland, "who cry out

for an orchestra to set them off," with more than piano accompaniment.

But even so, says Guy Blod, secretary-general of the Canadian Music Council in Ottawa, an Aquilante recording is "fatal to a performer's career." Two records achieved as much as three Carnegie Hall appearances, 10 points. A record—except for when privately made—tells prospective agents or managers that this musician is on his way. It's a go-edged calling card.

In addition to a special album of Maxine Forster singing favorite carols from around the world which have been piling up like drifts in Stridman's head, she's planning to release a calling card by harpist Judy Loeven in time for Christmas. Black may be the worn of the future, she feels, "for the politics of a country is rarely its entertainment, master, set and disco are its culture—the lasting part. Nobody will remember who was Toronto's mayor back in 1979. But who will ever forget Maxine?" Agitate, certainly, will break no cultural barriers. "I get called an eccentric, a wealthy dilettante, an egotistical amateur and a lot of other things," she says, "but I have every intention of recording everything." □

## Frontlines



## Disco demolition

Steve Dahl had only wanted simple revenge. Tired out of a job when his Chicago rock station went down, the 26-year-old disc jockey convinced his new station, hard-rocking WLSM, to allow him to use the station's offending music on the air. He would play 30 seconds of a particularly odious disco ditty, then bombard it with the sounds of machine-gun bursts, records scratching, tires crashing—punctuating the nasty opener with the noise of a hydrogen bomb explosion.

By the time Dahl had destroyed his first handful of disco records, massive listener response inspired more than a dozen repeat stations (including three in Canada) to join his "Disco Destruction" format. All across North America rock fans, mortally offended by "disco-fication," galloped to their phones to scream, "Destroy Disco!" And Annahabite in the Navy" into the ears of everyone.

Unaware of what he had unleashed, Dahl invited his rock army to a disco-

record massacre between games at a White Sox doubleheader in Chicago's Comiskey Park. When 50,000 enraged disc-jockeys showed up, their frenzy forced the cancellation of the second White Sox game.

No such madness has been touched off in the placid North. At Vancouver's CROQ FM's invitation, listeners in hard hats and construction boots restrained their efforts to smother a wheelbarrow full of albums sitting at a Pacific National Exhibition Gardens rock concert. Toronto's Q-107 received hundreds of gleeful phone calls supplying additions to the growing disco hit list, and Montreal's CROQ FM launched a sympathetic pro-rock campaign. In Winnipeg, CROQ FM's Mike Edwards enlisted more than 1,000 members into "Brother Jack's disco destruction army" and his single *Disco in the Garbage* can't be kept in the stores.

But now, with the rest of North America awakening to disco destruction (most programs last about a month), its epigonal creator has swung his artillery around onto the sugar-frosted blues of Barry Manilow, the Osmonds and Led Zepplin. "Yeah," says Dahl in the tone of a man who has just found his life's work, "now I'm blowing up wings." **Thomas Hopkins**

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## Now you see it, now you don't

I am a New Zealand medical doctor visiting Carleton University and have just read, with great interest, your article *Manda's Incredible Psychic Surgeons* (Aug. 27). While in Manila and Buenos I observed nine different psychic surgeons perform approximately 200 "operations." Some months after returning home I followed up on several of the patients upon whom I had seen operations performed. None that I reached had been cured. Five had died of their respective diseases. Only those patients with minor complaints had improved at all. I have also attended a live psychic surgical performance on a New Zealand TV station. The climax of the show took place when a patient suffering from abdominal pains was wheeled out on a hospital bed. The show-to-be psychic surgeons from Manila performed his thing while chatting to the fully awake patient. After the operation and a bit of cleaning up, the patient got out of bed, smiled, thanked his physician, the live TV audience and I were told the whole "operation" had been a fake and a demonstration was then given on showing how it had been done. The play of all this is not so much for those who can afford a two-week trip to Manila for psychic surgery (as long as no real medical help is done there) but for the many who cannot afford such a trip and go into heavy debt to do so. In my opinion, psychic surgery is fake and merely a well-carried-out sleight of hand.

DELLEN PAERLAL  
OTTAWA



### A dream of cream

Concerning the article on Susan Watson, *Blonded Miles of Beauty* (July 28), I find the credibility of modern art stretched just a little too much when 80 miles of nonsense are strung up in a Swiss gallery. I wonder at the mental capacity of those few people who can even interpret it. Believe a more meaningful art form is required. I plan to cover the entire north slope of Mount Robson with shaving cream (menthol, of course) and call it *A Modernist's Winter*. Would that perhaps qualify me for a Canada Council grant?

JOSEPH BOULANGER, LILLOET, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Watson: 80 miles of nonsense strung up

### Parking space

Ah yes! Sir Ranjith the Protections perhaps deserved the royal send-up Allan Fotheringham gave him (*Sir Ranjith: Foul-tongued-Wykesman-Pinner on Parade of the Starline 'Lent' World*, Sept. 30). Finding a train wined in Vancouver museum freer is not, I agree, the quintessential Canadian wilderness experience. But, at the risk of appearing a bit shabby myself, I must protest the fact that it found it necessary to wind up the South Nahanni River along with Ranjith. It deserves better treatment. What was a game preserve eight years ago when Ranjith visited the area is now one of the country's newest and most magnificent national parks (pending native land claims settlements). In addition, the park was recently formally recognized by the World Heritage Organization of UNESCO as a portion of the natural heritage of the planet, having global significance. Fotheringham, in his rush to discredit poor Ranjith, has underestimated the real problems associated with the Nahanni and has trivialized the potential dangers of this isolated and very wild land. Visitors to the park will not have the benefits of jeeps and horse-drawn to help them face the real dangers of deep canyons, fast water and isolation with a similar party accompanied.

RICHARD COBLE, PARK CANADA,  
VANCOUVER

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1981 George McGee, Edmonton  
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1983 Don Jackson, Winnipeg  
1984 Ron Lancaster, Saskatchewan  
1985 Bill Jackson, Toronto  
1986 Peter Lada, Calgary  
1987 Russ Jackson, Ottawa  
1988 Russ Jackson, Saskatchewan  
1989 Lowell Colman, Calgary  
1990 Russ Jackson, Ottawa  
1991 George Davis, Montreal  
1992 Bruce Fisher, Hamilton  
1993 Jerrold Parker, Edmonton  
1994 Johnny Rogers, Edmonton  
1995 Jerrold Parker, Edmonton  
1996 Hal Patterson, Montreal  
1997 Pat Anderson, Montreal  
1998 Scott Schenley, Montreal  
1999 Billy Yessie, Edmonton

### MOST OUTSTANDING LINEMAN

1973 Ray Nettles, B.C.  
1974 John Nelson, Calgary  
1975 Wayne Harris, Calgary  
1976 Wayne Harris, Calgary  
1977 Wayne Harris, Calgary  
1978 John LaGrone, Edmonton  
1979 Ken Lehmann, Ottawa  
1980 Ed McQuinn, Saskatchewan  
1981 Wayne Harris, Calgary  
1982 Tom Brown, B.C.  
1983 Tom Brown, B.C.  
1984 John Dawson, Hamilton  
1985 Frank Elmy, Winnipeg  
1986 Neil Gray, Winnipeg  
1987 Roger Nelson, Edmonton  
1988 Don Lums, Calgary  
1989 Kyrle Umble, Ottawa  
1990 Kyrle Umble, Ottawa  
1991 Ted Cooker, Montreal

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1958 Jim Cooke, Ottawa  
1959 A. Wilson, B.C.  
1960 Don Jackson, Montreal  
1961 Charlie Turner, Edmonton  
1962 Ed George, Montreal

### MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

1976 Dave Fenech, Edmonton  
1977 Don Jackson, Edmonton  
1978 Bill Baker, B.C.  
1979 Jim Corbett, Calgary  
1980 John Holton, Toronto

### MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

1976 Joe Popowich, Winnipeg  
1977 Leon Bright, B.C.  
1978 John Nelson, B.C.  
1979 Tom Clements, Ottawa  
1980 Steve Ostrander, Toronto  
1981 Johnny Rogers, Montreal  
1982 Chuck Clark, Hamilton

### MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

1976 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa  
1977 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa  
1978 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa  
1979 Jim Foley, Ottawa  
1980 Tom Corbett, Hamilton  
1981 Gerry Ogden, Ottawa  
1982 Jim Young, B.C.  
1983 Terry Donohue, Montreal  
1984 Jim Young, B.C.  
1985 Russ Jackson, Ottawa  
1986 Ken Nelson, Winnipeg  
1987 Terry Donohue, Calgary  
1988 Russ Jackson, Ottawa  
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Frontlines

## When is a nation not a nation?



South African mine workers: Is it fair for the talented to have such a heavy lifestyle?

**T**he bus dragged itself along the dirt roads of Venda—a small, remote chunk in the northeast corner of South Africa which last month became the third tribal homeland to be granted independence by the government in Pretoria. It chugged past the sacred mountains (stop at the crafts shop), through the sacred forest (stop at the beer store) and finally into the quiet, majestic compound of a powerful Venda chief.

Conversations between bus guide Richard Tabanease, also in formation of-fer for the new Venda government, and the white journalists who made up the bulk of its occupants had been strained but correct all day. But not as between Tabanease and Derek Thema, a young black reporter from Soweto ("I'm one of two black blacks writing for the Johannesburg Star").

It was bad enough that Thema had probed him about why the apartheid was so cruel. Tabanease disliked being interrogated about his society's traditions, least of all by some Westernized black from a Johannesburg ghetto who had abandoned his own traditions—and he said as much. But it was Thema's accessory role, as if to say that the blacks of Venda had sold out to the whites, that caused the real sting.

However, once inside the aged stone walls of his chief's compound, Tabanease relaxed and took on an air of easy

confidence. He was not just a poor gods, he explained, but a badman responsible for 500 families. His role and his chief's were integral to Venda society—part of an age-old culture of respect for their authority. But the apex of that authority, he said, was the newly elected executive president, Chief Patrick Mphahlele of the Venda National Party (Mphahlele won only 13 of 42 elected seats, but secured his position because an additional 42 seats in the



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## Frontlines

legislature were allocated arbitrarily, mostly to tribal leaders who supported him.)

That remark was too much for the young journalist: if authority was so respected, he asked, why did the people vote overwhelmingly for the opposition Venda Independence Party? "The traditional way of government has not been accepted because of Western influence," sniggered Tabinhuani, again scoffed at authority unexpected.

The rift between the two Africans from two different worlds—the one an urban writer, the other a rustic traditionalist—symbolizes the controversy surrounding the homelands. Behind Thoma's challenge looms larger challenges, from both black South African leaders and the outside world, not only to the legitimacy of the new Venda, but to that of its predecessors, Transkei and Bophuthatswana. No country other than South Africa has yet recognized any of them.

For a start there are questions of economic and territorial authenticity. Bophuthatswana is in seven pieces, speckled in and around land that the whites wanted to keep and Venda is in three pieces. Transkei, named a sovereign state in 1976, is being propped up by \$400 million this year in payments from Pretoria, while of Venda's most recent \$43.6-million budget, more than \$5 million came from the same provider. With a population of 500,000—including aboriginal—it can employ only 25 per cent of its work force to it fair, the question goes, for the fattest rat in Africa to produce such serious killings?

But more controversial still is the question of how the homelands fit into the ruling National Party's grand apartheid strategy. The plan has been to send as many as possible of the country's 16.5 million blacks to the homelands and restrict their attendance, so that blacks would become victims in their own country of South Africa.

That would leave South Africa's 4.6 million whites more comfortably situated to work out some kind of government that might include Indians and coloureds, whose combined population then would not add up to a majority-rule threat.

But the prospect of a South Africa without blacks is still distant, for very practical reasons.

When one right-wing brawler recently pointed to Prime Minister Pieter Botha that all blacks should actually be shipped to the homelands, he demurred. "My friend," he asked, "if they were all there, who would bring you coffee in the morning?"

Das Turner

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TO ARRIVE IN, BUT CHOOSING THE RIGHT ONE  
CAN SOMETIMES BE DIFFICULT



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## Frontlines

### Sound in silence

My I congratulate you on your article *The Algal That Still Pads on Deaf Kora* (Sept. 27), in which you have addressed a number of important issues. I do regret that the Canadian Association of the Deaf was not mentioned when discussing captioning TV. It is largely through the long-term efforts of the CAG and its deaf members that captioning is coming to Canada. The introduction of captioning into Canada will have tremendous benefits not only for deaf people but also for the hard-of-hearing and non-English-speaking people. Its impact cannot be underestimated. A special thanks to *Maclean's* for having addressed some of the concerns of hearing-impaired people in Canada.

BILLY PAUL,  
CANADIAN HEARING SOCIETY,  
TORONTO

### A song to remember

To read Trent Frayne's column *The Peeping Anthem Swells and Dues Before the Jarring Throng* and *Boys the Queens*, *Why?* (Aug. 25), you'd think that all Canadians are jarring red-necks who, if they want to hear a national anthem at their football games at all, want a strictly first-verse, single one. But there are still a lot of us out here (anywhere, anywhere in Canada) who still get a kick out of our anthem—even with all its "stand on guard for thee"—whether it be first or second verse in English or French. And, as John Goodwin notes, "there are damned few things sold or done to remind us we are one nation, and therefore it's a good thing." I agree. Even a song is a reminder.

JEFF ADAMS, 22 ALBERTA, ALTA.

### Pen power

I wish to reply to Barbara Ansel's misleading article *The Tapering on the Wall* (Aug. 25). The Writers' Union of Canada, contrary to Ansel's diagnosis, is in good health (Hate is BC, where the union is successfully operating its first branch office, the organization has never been more vigorous). The membership fees issue has presented us with a difficult problem, but not one impossible of solution; any formula that does not have the backing of the majority of the members will not survive. Moreover, it was substantiated by Ansel's description of Canada *Writer's* that is the first suggestion of controversy I've heard about. I'm also concerned as to what she considers controversial about our guide to archive sales unless, as creative

writers, we are supposed to be above such mundane considerations. In claiming that we are lobbying for public lending rights (so to be paid to our members whose books are borrowed from libraries, Ansel has her facts wrong. What we want is a compensation fee for library use paid to all Canadian writers. The distinction is not trivial. The majority of Canadian writers cannot support themselves by their cre-

ative work. If Ansel sees our efforts on behalf of the members of one of the most generously compensated professions in North America as moving us into the "big-time world of uranium," then so be it—but we've got a long way to go before we're in a league with the United Auto Workers.

NORTH MALLARD,  
THE WRITERS' UNION OF CANADA,  
VANCOUVER





# LUNA

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Between a mother and son,  
Between the delicate boundaries of love.



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OPENS ACROSS CANADA IN OCTOBER

# Maclean's POPE AS SUPERSTAR

By Warren Gervard

In one brief year his style has revolutionized the staid Vatican. He attracts unprecedented numbers of fans to his Wednesday audiences in St. Peter's Square. There, he weaves through the crowds standing on the back of a white pop-mobbed the Pope-mobile. Italy's tourist industry has increased 11 per cent since he was chosen. At times the enthusiasm for him borders on frenzy. On one occasion he had to fend off a crowd of excited men who tore every button off the papal cassock and one is said to have tried to bite his ear. He radiates authority and strength and behind the folds of his robes are real muscles earned from swimming, skiing, hiking and mountain climbing. He moves through crowds as if he were a peacemaker on the campaign trail—sounding, talking, embracing, kissing babies, agreeing to marry couples, volunteering to baptize infants.

The surprise continues, even one year after the husband crowd in St. Peter's Square was told that an obscure Polish cardinal, Karol



Wojtyła, had been elected Pope, the first non-Italian pontiff since 1523.\*

Little was known then about John Paul II, but within a few weeks the Italian press had dubbed him the Vatican Superstar. Since his reign began, the robust, outgoing 58-year-old pontiff, the youngest in centuries, has put some rascal-doodle into the protocol-bound papacy. Unlike those before him—the gentle, intellectually aloof Paul VI, or the grandfatherly, smiling John Paul I, who reigned only 33 days—the "farmer" Pope exudes a vigorous, red-cheeked, down-to-earth charm and a bent for the theatrical. He truly plays at the centre stage of the Roman Catholic Church and is one of the most popular world figures in recent times.

He is featured in a record in which his rich baritone voice sings us folk and religious songs, alone and with students, during his Polish pilgrimage. An Italian rock group has even written a disco song about him. It has been a long time, if ever, since the Voice of Christ has had such a strong, earthly range. Much of it results from his natural ability to

The Pope in Mexico on previous homing in Italy

\*The last foreign Pope since Pontifical Affairs VI (1922-23)

exploit the media. After all, he was as actor before a priest. His exposure has been immense and he hasn't been shy about his performance. And now, after his triumphs in Rome, Mexico and Ireland, he has once again set out into the world.

Last Saturday, he arrived in Ireland. No Pope had been there before and St. Patrick brought Christianity to the Emerald Isle. His Boeing 747, escorted by four Irish military jets, landed just over a throng of more than one million people collected in Dublin's Phoenix Park and their cheers drowned the noise of the engines.

The Superior had landed. He leaped the earth and brought his own style to the proceedings, ducking through anxious exerts to shake hands and to kiss the faces of children. He delighted the crowd with the opening words of his address when he caused the words of St. Patrick, Ireland's patron saint. "I too have heard the noise of the hawk calling me." He was asked about the stringent security and he replied in typically casual style. "Security, security, we have to think of that, but I am traveling in the land of God."

Later, at Drogheda, 38 miles from the border that divides Irishmen, he took the unusual step of speaking directly to men and women involved in the violence which has claimed nearly 2,000 lives in 10 years. "On my knees I beg you to turn away from the paths of violence and to

The Pope in Warsaw (left), greeting children in Mexico a town in the side

return to the work of justice. Further violence in Ireland will only drag down to even the land you claim to love."

After two days in Ireland, the next stop was to be the U.S. where the Pope's schedule is a grueling test of stamina. He has lost 15 pounds since his election—the result of 18-hour days and nonstop pilgrimages. The schedule called for him to be in Boston on Monday, New York City on Tuesday, Philadelphia on Wednesday, Des Moines on Thursday, Chicago on Friday and Washington over the weekend (see box).

This trip and the one planned later this year for the Philippines serve only to reinforce what everybody already knows about this Pope: he has enormous skill with crowds, a love of people and what seems to be a compulsion to be with his flock. He is a truly pastoral Pope. And he is more. He is a tough disciplinarian and a doctrinal conservative. He is bringing about a stability to the church that is unexampled among many progressive Catholics.

His writings, prose and poetry alike, reflect an all-embracing concern with social justice and the rights and dignity of man. Yet his theological outlook appears narrow. He caused a fresh furor in Italy over abortion when he condemned the "annihilation and destruction of unborn children." Abortion was



inspired there in 1976—but only after years of bitter controversy.

LAM. APRIL, he wrote a 10,000-word letter to priests in which he urged them to keep faith with their commitment to celibacy and, "at moments of crisis," not to seek for release from their vows. "It is a matter here of keeping one's

word to Christ," he wrote. "Keeping one's word is, at one and the same time, a duty and proof of the priest's inner maturity; it is the expression of his personal dignity."

In the past few years, especially during the reign of Paul VI, celibacy had been the main cause for the defection of

clergy because of its eroticism. John Cardinal Krol, who is of Polish descent, kick-started the movement in last year's conclave that resulted in the election of the first Polish Pope.

Will the Pope speak out on the all too widespread questions of abortion, contraception, elderly divorce and the ordination of women priests during his U.S. trip? He is known to disapprove of "the sexual agenda" for the church and a doctrinal statement he is a conservative. That does not seem to bother his Fr. Francis X. Murphy, rector of Holy Redeemer College in Washington.

It is both foolish and impractical to expect the Pope to address himself to such matters when he has been in office only a year. I would like to see him come down harder on the theme of justice and decency not only for minorities but for the whole world. The Pope is a spiritual respect, a man among men with the grace and charity to make people listen and obey. "What if this religiously naïf John Cardinal O'Connor does not want to listen?" The Pope is a big man, observes Murphy, "with broad shoulders and strong arms," just what you need for knocking heads together.

America needs to see the Pope in person.

It has risen worldwide from 1,000 in 1960 to an annual rate of about 5,000—one per cent of the world's 600,000 Roman Catholic priests. But since John Paul's election he has approved almost none of the hundreds of requests from priests for a reduction in a lay status and dispensation to marry.

John Paul's reaffirmation of the church's traditional teachings on these and other delicate matters, such as divorce and the ban against admitting women into the priesthood, signals a conservative reign and, given the Pope's robust health and age, it probably will be a long one. It appears the years of ferment and theological uncertainty in the church are over and what lies ahead is a period of consolidation. Traditionality in such periods the church has prospered and grown.

However, the Pope's theological conservatism and Polish Catholicism may be a hard sell for Western progressives to swallow. John Henry Alton, who has been the former archbishop of Krakow, a devout follower of Mary in fact, the Pope's Marian address, which for the most part have been long and intense, are a cause of some embarrassment, even in Italy. The question being raised about the Pope—and the answer is not yet forthcoming—is whether he can make the theological move from Krakow to Rome. While Mary may be the Queen of Poland, she is not as significant elsewhere.

The Pope seems intent on consolidating

and a clear understanding by all of the church's role in the world. He is engaging the church's shift toward political disengagement. At the international conference of Latin American bishops in Puebla, Mexico, last January, he denounced "conspiracies of man by man and by the state and economic systems"—a pointed slap at both Marxism and capitalism—and he urged priests and men to embrace social activism and instead concentrate on their purely spiritual work. He recently rejected the so-called "theology of liberation" which over the past decade has led hundreds of Latin American priests and men to support actively radical struggles against dictatorial regimes.

The church's position is not "social or political," he said. "People claim to see Jesus as politically committed, as one who fought against Roman oppression and the authorities and also as one involved in the class struggle. This idea of Christ as a political figure, a revolutionary, as the salvific man from Nazareth, does not tally with the church's catholicity."

His stand at Puebla upset many progressive Catholics. One Latin American bishop said that priests would see the Pope's words as an excuse to regress to social action by priests and nuns. Manuel Stephens Gomez, a noted Mexico City political columnist, wrote, "When you speak of revolution, the problems of hatred and violence immediately emerge. But Brother John Paul,



## Papal balm for spiritual wounds

The constant Pope John Paul II may have drawn from the profound, ineluctable faith of Ireland's evocative Catholicism, but he is destined to emphasize the summer drive as he arrives in the United States. The superlative Universal Church is a priority responsibility in a nation where a new wave of the spiritual wounds of a decade of affliction and despair.

Sunday mass attendance has fallen off to 50 per cent. Surveys indicate that 60 per cent of Catholic married couples agree the church is at an ethical crossroads. The ceremonies, said last evening, some 35,000 American and 10,000 guests have left their manhood in an unbecoming bid. Of the 50,000 guests remaining, almost a third would like to get married. The American bishops have advised that of the 50 million people listed in the Catholic Directory only 25 million are practicing Catholics.

But these problems have been identified

into a back-pedaling while the world is involved in the devastating spectacle of drought, oil shortages, insect and religious groups of the richest nations on earth scrambling like leeches over the cost of the papal visit. They caused again whether the church is at all points and shows an public property broadcast the First Amendment, which calls for a separation of church and state and whether such things should be said for public policy or church laws. The sites in Ireland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Des Moines, Chicago and Washington are expected to spend about \$100 million. Local archdioceses expect to spend \$2 million.

Professional scholar, Madeline Murray O'Hair has added that two cents, worth by itself in itself to prevent the Pope from celebrating an outdoor mass on the Mall in Washington, before a crowd expected to number one million. It is a power show of the Roman Catholic Church, she declared.

On one level these rows are quarrels in a nursery, on another they are an indication of the dark and muddy currents of bigotry and anti-Catholicism that run beneath the surface of American society. The U.S. is

the first country John Paul has visited as Pope that is not overwhelmingly Roman Catholic. And Vatican officials have been taken aback by the controversies that the trip has engendered. Tolerance is essential for the survival of a pluralistic society, and the Pope will almost certainly appeal for religious liberty in America, as he did in Mexico and Poland.

The Pope's visit is a media event, loaded with all the tensions, controversies and vulgarly (but honestly) business, papal (but not clerical) that such events generate. But the circus atmosphere should not obscure the seriousness with which the itinerary was planned. John Paul is no stranger to North America. As Karl Cardinal Wojtyla, he visited the U.S. and Canada, and his choice of cities for his trip was made with an eye to covering Catholic lands. In the Middle West, he chose Chicago instead of Detroit not only because of the large concentration of Polish-American Catholics, but because he reportedly favors John Cardinal O'Connor, a conservative over Detroit's John Cardinal Devereaux, a liberal. And it is likely that Philadelphia was

"We visited Canada in August, 1980"

New York likely for vintage photos, equating the Catholics over the east

chosen because of its eroticism. John Cardinal Krol, who is of Polish descent, kick-started the movement in last year's conclave that resulted in the election of the first Polish Pope.

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America needs to see the Pope in person.



The Pope in Ireland and greeting the boy in Rome, on the Mass "papacy" list

do you believe that the rich and powerful, who now, as a hundred years ago, imagine Latin America as their own private property, are going to yield their privileged positions, their posi-

ness, by a pacific process of civil, moral and spiritual conversion?"

The critics feel, perhaps with some justification, that the Pope might be too conditioned by his experiences in Poland—where the church conserved its function as that of a spiritual fortress set apart from secular matters—to understand the complexities of politics and the church in Third World countries. Other observers believe the Pope's position is likely to have a very positive impact on the church.

Manager Berlusconi Sorpe, editor of the influential Italian *Donati* publication *La Civiltà Cattolica*, commented: "For years the church has been on the defensive, worrying about whom to side with in ideological conflicts. Now the Pope is putting an end to this uncertainty by emphasizing the message of the gospel and making it more credible in contemporary life."

Tot John Paul, especially as a young man in Nazi-occupied Poland, has actively taken sides in ideological conflicts. He was active in the underground, distributed resistance literature, earned messages and was involved in the underground canal that had escaped. He helped Jews find shelter and false identity papers. He was in a suit that obtained technical details and actual pieces of the V-2 flying bomb and



The Pope in Poland (top) and riding in the Popemobile in Rome for the theatre

V-2 rocket then being tested in Poland, which were later sent to London.

He helped organize the *Wisniewski Theatre*, an underground group concentrating on nationalist themes, and, by 1944, already studying for the priesthood, he was put on the Nazi "wanted" list. The church sent him into hiding for the remainder of the war. What came next was years of study in Poland, Rome and elsewhere. A central influence was a single father, Jan Tyrowicz, who was a disciple of the great master of mystical prayer, St. John of the Cross, and he guided Wojtyla into the depths of mystical prayer. By 1947, Wojtyla was a medical

student in Krakow and, along with another mentor, Stephen Cardinal Wysniewski, he became a skilled doctor in the fields of local and national Communist organizations. The two cardinals, more than any others, nurtured the Polish church to the most flourishing community in the Roman church. It was in this church that he made his pilgrimage this year.

Millions greeted him. At the death yards of Auschwitz and Birkenau—he was the first Pope to visit the former Nazi camps—he proclaimed: "I speak on behalf of all those whose rights have been forgotten." It was the theme of his trip. It may well be the theme of his papacy. Throughout the papacy, he has vowed to support fundamental rights and freedoms, and he is likely to the church as the true heir of Catholics as Communist countries, referring prominently to himself as "this Slav Pope."

There seems to be no dampening of enthusiasm for this Pope. The homonym between the pontiff and his po-

litical is still going strong. But the same cannot be said for John Paul's relationship with the Curia—the Vatican's entrenched, all-powerful central administration and power base. The election of the "Younger Pope" is believed to have dealt a blow to the predominantly Italian Curia, and the Pope's clear determination to do things his way has not helped soften the blow.

On several occasions the Pope has been known to rebuff Curia advice with a curt, "I am the Pope and I know what to do." One thing that sets him apart from previous popes in his accomplished linguistic skills, which means he does not need interpreters for most of his private meetings. In the past, papal interpreters were also charged with writing a report of the Pope's meetings for whatever Vatican commission was

directly concerned. Now the Pope meets alone with many of his visitors, and the Curia is left in the dark about what transpired.

He is known to hate paperwork and prefers direct discussion of the business at hand—a departure from the way previous popes worked. He prefers to see personally the people who are preparing a text and openly discusses issues and problems at round-table brainstorming sessions which usually end in lunch or dinner.

His daily routine is hectic. He signs mass in his private chapel at 7 a.m., but unlike Paul VI—who always and mass privately—John Paul usually has several people with him—the Polish mass who cook, clean and take care of his friends and visitors. He then usually has a breakfast of Polish sausage and eggs. He reviews papers in the mornings and afternoons. He takes break walks around the Vatican gardens and occasionally surprises people. He keeps Italian Vatican guards usually keep watch over him, but one morning he eluded them and offered to shake hands with a gardener. The man, overjoyed, put his hands behind his back and said "They're dirty, Holy Father." The Pope laughed, grabbed the gardener's grody hands and rubbed them on his white smock. "I know they're dirty," he said, "but I don't do my own washing."

This Pope is completely different. He is an independent, uncooperative, on-man show. Says David Maguire, an eminent and often professor at Marquette University in Milwaukee, Wisconsin: "He seems to see the world as Poland went large."

And ultimately what that means is top-down obedience, not ecclesiastical democracy. ☐

## And now heere's ... Johnny!

Journalists who regularly cover the Pope, long ago concluded he could upstage even the most polished television anchorman. Now, North American will get a chance to judge for themselves. The highlights of John Paul's week-long visit will be relayed live on the major American networks, NBC, CBS and ABC, as well as the cable which will have crews in New York, Washington and Boston.

It will provide live coverage of the Pope's arrival in Boston on Monday, Oct. 1, at 3 p.m. where he will be received by Rosalynn Carter. NBC will follow up with coverage of the Pope's visit on Boston Channel at the late afternoon and will devote a special program late that night to the Pope's first day.

On Tuesday the networks will broadcast his address to the United Nations General Assembly at noon. In addition, NBC will show the Pope's arrival at New York's St. Patrick's Cathedral that evening, and will present the first of two specials at 11:30 p.m. The second will be on Thursday at the same time. NBC will be the only network

on hand from the start to provide live coverage of the Pope's second day in New York, Oct. 3. In the morning, the cameras will follow his morning from Madison Square Garden, where he will address a group of schoolchildren. CBS and ABC will begin coverage at Battery Park in lower Manhattan, where he will deliver the letters of New York harbor.

Then, on Wednesday afternoon the Pope, back in Philadelphia, to conduct an outdoor mass at Logan Circle and visit (the following morning) with seminarians before a stop at the Ukrainian Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception. The Philadelphia visit will be taped and broadcast as part of the network's regular nightly news, as will the next two days' activities in Iowa and Reno.

Departing from Philadelphia at 11:15 a.m. on Thursday, Oct. 4, the Pope first goes to St. Mary's and then travels to St. Patrick's Church at rural Cummings, Iowa. Then evening he leaves for Chicago for a visit to the Holy Name Cathedral and dinner with John Cardinal Cody.

Tuesday begins with a mass for Chicago's large Polish community. Next, John Paul II attends a special session at the United States Bishops' Conference and in the afternoon, celebrates an outdoor mass in Chicago's Grant Park before leaving that day for a performance by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra at Holy Name Cathedral

on Saturday. The supreme pontiff will visit Washington. Three of the four networks (and a satellite) will televise his arrival at the White House in afternoon when he will meet with President Jimmy Carter for private talks. Then, on Sunday morning, NBC will cover the Pope's trip to the Sanctuary of the Immaculate Conception at Washington's Catholic University where he will meet separately with leaders of the homosexual movement.

But both NBC and CBS will miss what most people believe will be the climactic event of the Pope's visit to the United States—the great open-air mass on the Washington Mall on Sunday afternoon, 2 p.m. to 5:30 p.m. Although ABC and CBS will televise the mass live, both NBC and CBS will carry their standard Sunday link of football games. CBS will however show excerpts of the mass during the halftime of the second game and NBC will have a wrap-up of the entire pontifical program on Prime Time Sunday, which airs at 10 p.m.—that is unless pre-empted by the news with the baseball playoffs. In that case, the show will be aired at the definitely non-prime hour of 11:30 p.m. on Fox Times, 10:30 p.m. to 11 p.m. Presumably, the Pope will understand. After all, he once preached a Vatican catechism hour on the afternoon-to-morning so that it wouldn't conflict with Italy's soccer matches.

Rita Christopher





## World

# With a little luck from a 'daruma' doll

Japanese tradition has it that anyone with an ambition to *daiki* should pin to one eye of a "daruma"—a large, red, papier-mâché doll. When the goal is achieved, so the custom goes, the other eye is painted in. Prime Minister Masayoshi Ohira performed the first part of the ritual at the start of his ruling Liberal Democratic Party's (LDP) campaign recently in the country's 24th general election. And unless something goes wrong he will be completing it soon after the polling ends on Sunday.

Like previous elections, this one is full of Japanese peculiarities. Sound trucks endlessly blast suburban areas with cacophonous roars of statements by candidates, while the smiling politicians themselves, wearing white gloves and umbrellas, make their rounds in open touring cars. Vote-buying (up to \$50 a time) is rampant and the legal and illegal flow of cash from large corporations to the parties is said to run in the hundreds of millions of dollars. So many and near-run-in-law of retiring LDP candidates are running that one opposition member chided that the Diet (parliament) was turning into a kinder-

garden. Such are the lengths to which would-be MPs will go, one candidate stashed himself in the leg so that he could vote the sympathy vote from a hospital bed. Also, he severed an artery and died.

Ohira called the election in September and, although the move was seen in many quarters as a bold gamble, he is confident that he can significantly increase his party's current razor-thin, four-out majority (including independent support in the 315-seat lower house and consolidate his own leadership within the party. And he has plenty of reasons to be optimistic: The retirement of former prime minister Kakuei Tanaka and other LDP cabinet ministers in the Lockheed and German scandals has long since dropped out of the public's sight. As well, several years of re-electionary budgets have resulted in a mounting economy and the LDP is still looking in glory from the Tokyo summit in June, from which Japan emerged as a major force. Finally there was last week's disclosure by U.S. intelligence of a Soviet troop buildup in the disputed Kuril Islands off Japan's northern coast—a

but mean that voters need to boost Ohira's fortunes at least, smaller as it damaged those of the leftist opposition parties.

By week's end the polls were giving the LDP 56 per cent of the popular vote—up considerably from the 41.8 per cent that it polled in the last election—and its highest popularity rating in 15 years, putting Ohira on target for his hoped-for total of 270 seats, a pair of 23, which would give the LDP an overall majority.

The major issue in the election was if, when and by how much the government should raise taxes to help reduce the country's gigantic budget deficit, which by March this year stood at \$90 billion (compared to Canada's \$11.3 billion). Ohira has made it clear that his government will either increase taxes or institute a European-style value-added tax system after he is elected.

All five opposition parties oppose tax increases, as well as condemning the "money-power" politics of the LDP, and accuse the party of trying to cover up its role in the German and Lockheed aircraft payoff scandals—an issue that cost the LDP votes in 1976.

Also of great interest in the election is which of the factions within the LDP will come out on top—Ohira's is only the fourth largest, but the likelihood is that Ohira will be able to expand his factional control, largely because, as prime minister, he puts priority when the campaign funds are doled out.

A big LDP victory would confirm a swing back to the right in Japanese politics. It would also suggest that the basic foundations of Japanese government policy for the past 35 years—close relations with the U.S., an even-handed policy toward China and the Soviet Union, and a perpetuation of free-trade capitalism—will probably continue for another 25 years. **Stephen Bourne**

Close-up: just elected Prime Minister Noboru Takeshita with gloves and umbrellas



## London

# A running start to a long grind

Leading Peter Austin is still wondering how it came about, one recent Sunday night, that a leafy Ian Smith sought out his path, the Mayflower in London's dockland, to down a pint of bitter beer. Perhaps, like any British settler anywhere, Smith just wanted to get the feel of an English pub again after 15 years away. But the incident underlined the foreboding figure the former prime minister is striking in London as the Rhodesian talks in Lancaster House finally ended the white's grip on his country.

As never before in this long dispute, the parties last week seemed ready to make concessions to each other, leaving Britain's Foreign and Commonwealth Secretaries Lord Carrington in sight of a diplomatic prize that has eluded four prime ministers and at least five of his predecessors. But at the weekend a long grid still lay ahead. A constitution allowing the retention of reserved white seats in parliament was accepted by Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, but Nkomo and Robert Mugabe last week with great reluctance. And there were tougher problems in the offing.

One of those is citizenship: The Front does not want those Europeans who came to Rhodesia after Smith's 1965 Unilateral Declaration of Independence (UDI)—60,000 of them—automatically to become Zimbabwean citizens, nor do they see why they should pay a huge bill for permanent to those white civil servants who have been working for a government in rebellion. And then there is the toughest hurdle of all: an agreement on whose military forces will hold the map during the transition to full majority rule and supreme new elections.

The British are suggesting that three armies should stay in being during the transitional period—Nkomo's guerrillas in the west, Mugabe's in the east and a joint command in Salisbury, the capital. Integration into an army would be left to the government coming into power after elections. The Front does not like that plan. Yet, even there, a strong smell of compromise is in the air. The white commander of Rhodesia's anti-guerrilla forces, Lieutenant-General Peter Walls, has talked about taking guerrillas into his army and of serving whenever master holds power, and Mugabe's hard-line commander, Joseph Mporogwe, has even said "I am not afraid to work with Peter Walls in any capacity I will follow orders."

**Derick Ingram**

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## Latin melodies that don't mix

And a growing aura of crisis in the Caribbean and Central America and, worse, the Carter administration's announced change in the tenor of its foreign policy toward Latin America. But Secretary of State Cyrus Vance's commitment that the U.S. would encourage political diversity in the hemisphere seemed suited both in word and deed to the end of current U.S. activities in the area.

Vance's pledge, before the Foreign Policy Association in New York, seemed unequivocal. "How each society manages to change is a matter for it to decide," he said. "I do have reference to Nicaragua and Grenada, where strong men declaring wars have recently been replaced by left-wing governments after in the one case revolution and in the other a coup."

But this apparent about-face in traditional U.S. policy—support for repressive regimes with the argument that anything was better than letting communism rule America's backyard—significantly came only 24 hours before the visit to Washington of Mexican President José López Portillo, a strong critic of old U.S. ways but potentially an important supplier of energy.

Whether Mexico actually will turn out to be what a National Security Council study last December described as the most promising new source of oil for the United States in the 1980s is open to question. But Portillo's advent against a background of old U.S. officials regard as a potentially encouraging sign of things to come—an agreement on sales of Mexican natural gas to the United States worked out in early

September after two years of frequently acrimonious negotiating. And President Jimmy Carter welcomed him to a long-festive dinner.

So much for the letting. As for deciding. Larry E. Director of the Council on Hemispheric Affairs, a private research organization, charged that Vance's policy shift was exclusively concerning lifting arms and economic aid embargoes against such "homebody" nations as El Salvador and Guatemala. In El Salvador—where 400 deaths and 307 disappearances have been reported this year by the Catholic church—the bloody preparations for what looked more and more like civil war continued. About 10,000 democratic leaders vanished from the capital in the largest anti-government rally in two years and there were almost daily shootouts between guerrillas and the forces of right-wing dictator General Carlos Romo.

Send word. You can tell the same line talk about promoting democratic growth throughout the hemisphere and still identify with the notion that the Cubans have the means or the intention of subverting democratic government in the area, thus opening the way for a strong anti-communist force by each nation's security forces.

But that was what the Carter administration appeared to be doing. At week's end President Carter was still calling unscheduled meetings of his National Security Council to discuss just how he was going to try to end the war-torn issue of the 3,000 Soviet troops in Cuba (where they have been for nearly a decade). Most sources close to the state department had expected that the political tensions raised in Capitol Hill would slow or stall even in some form of compromise. But the Senate refused to help Carter out of his political corner and he scheduled a Monday live broadcast to tell the nation what he planned to do.

William Leavitt

## U.S.A.

# The Tom and Jane reruns

By Ian Unruh

John Fonda and Tom Hayden stand together before the podium in a joyous moment after Vince Lombardi at Fordham University, a conservative Catholic school in New York City. They are being booed and heckled by a loud contingent, part of a crowd of about 2,000. For their opposition to the Vietnam War. Above the scene hangs a banner: "US WITH HONOR JAIL." Fonda pleads for understanding but the Senate, instead of helping Carter out of his political corner and he scheduled a Monday live broadcast to tell the nation what he planned to do.

It might have been the late 1960s or early 1970s. In fact it is the third day of the current Fonda-Hayden tour that began last week in New York and will end 24 days and 50 cities later in San Diego, California. If last week's events are any indication, Fonda and Hayden will play to huge, noisy crowds and receive media coverage.

It is easy to understand why. They are a strangely attractive couple. He, 39, the homely son of an Irish-American accountant, is a former student radical and one of the famous "Chicago Seven" put on trial for conspiracy for their role

in organizing the anti-war protests during the 1968 Democratic national convention. She, 41, the beautiful daughter of actor Henry Fonda, is the winner of two Academy Awards for best actress for her performances in *Khush* and *Coming Home*. Now married for six years, they work together in supporting the substance, she the glitter—in what they call the Campaign for Reasonable Democracy.

Their image is still radical; their idea, obtained through the Freedom of Information Act, El's a whole room in their Los Angeles home. But in place of slogans they have substituted a sort of California Mallorquism. The central plank in their campaign platform is a phase-out of nuclear power and buildup of solar energy, a position that is attracting growing support across the country. After that, their program is less precise. They say they want to curb the power of major corporations, which they blame for everything from inflation to cancer. But they stay away from advocating outlawing or more government regulations. Because they fear the federal bureaucracy equally antagonistic.

The message is reactionary rather than radical. They are the new Luddites, reacting against modern technology and yearning for the days when the United States was a decentralized, agrarian society.

Their motive is equally hard to detect. It has been said that they are beating the bushes for their friend and ex-sister-in-law California Governor Jerry Brown before he begins his presidential campaign in earnest. They enthusiastically deny the charge. They say they are interested only in pressing new ideas upon the public.

Hayden is not without personal ambition. He ran for the Senate in 1976 and when he will probably run again in 1982. But Fonda will not be a candidate.

Most men in New York were their abolition people attended an anti-nuclear demonstration.

Wayne and Fonda, wife and son

"We don't need Hollywood movie stars to run for office," she says. In fact, she is more realistic politically as an actress. The *Chicago Syndromes*, her anti-nuclear film, was a major blow to her campaign to influence office workers. Also in the works, *See No Evil*, a film about a cancer-plagued community (the cancer is traced to industrial pollutants).

Fonda's film also provide the cash to run the Campaign for Economic Democracy and Hayden's own bid for office. "See No Evil" you have to be a millionaire to run for high office," she says. "They never asked on people like Tom Hayden marrying someone like me. I don't apologize for putting my tremendous salary at the disposal of people who are poor. And he's one of them."

## Washington

# All quiet on the southern front

I took more than 80 minutes last week for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to process the nomination of Ken Curtis, former governor of Maine, as the new United States ambassador to Canada. Only two of the 18 senators on the committee—chairman Frank Church of Idaho and Edmund Muskie of Maine—bothered to show up and only Church had any questions for Curtis. The next day, the whole Senate confirmed the appointment by voice vote.

Although Curtis ran Maine for eight turbulent years, which included the investigation of the state's first-ever in-house tax, it is hard today to find anyone who will say untold things about him. As Muskie told the committee: "No man in public life in Maine today is more widely respected." That feeling was also expressed on the Canadian side of the border by prominent politicians who accompanied Curtis as governor. And it seemed likely only to be enhanced by Curtis' pledge to the committee that he would try to be sensitive to Canadian concerns. "It is not our desire to dominate Canada, nor to press our culture upon them," he said. "We always have to be careful to say that."

If Curtis is an unconvictional figure, Canada is a country that routes little passion in Washington where politi-

cians and bureaucrats alike will focus on the Middle East, the Soviet Union, and just about anywhere else before looking north. The list of unresolved issues is not long. There is a dispute over a fire, but Britain from both countries will want in Ottawa shortly to try to work it out. The West Coast Salmon Dispute, which saw the seizure of American vessels last month, has cooled because the fish have left Canadian waters. Negotiations are under way to draft an air-pollution treaty between the two countries. And there is hope the convention tax and border information issues—limited by U.S. congressmen—will be resolved in direct talks between the companies involved.

The energy field may soon pose problems for the relationship. However, politicians in the energy-charged U.S., eating noontime eggs at Mexican oil (see story, page 26) and Canadian tar sands, have been talking up a North American common market in energy. In Washington last week, two Republican congressmen pushed their proposal for



Ken Curtis: little passion in Washington

an energy union involving the leaders of the U.S., Mexico and Canada. Curtis, while acknowledging such pressures in the U.S., advocates a more gradual approach to energy problems. "An energy common market is something that is worthy of discussion and study and might someday be possible," he said in an interview. "But, as a practical matter in the immediate future, we're going to make more progress on a product-by-product, issue-by-issue basis."

Ian Unruh



It is becoming a habit for Catherine Denève's tiny perfect pores to grace the screen with various barcodes—as it is a backdrop for Chanel No. 5 or as the curiously bent collar in *Claude Lelouch's* dramatic yarn *A New Day*. Denève's next project, however, offers hope that she will play a part that offers her more emotional range than the stopper of a perfume bottle. This summer in Amsterdam the sultry blonde, who became somewhat of a cult figure as the afternoon prostitute in *Luis Buñuel's Belle de Jour*, snarled some surprises as the baritone cabaret singer in *Yves Robert's Courage Préféré* (St. Anne, Let's Not Jinx). Denève, 36, plays an independent-minded character who breaks the rules of marriage.

Legendary director John Huston had to leave his one-year-old *Hottelver* at home because big dogs aren't welcome at Toronto hotels. Huston, 78, is spending a couple of months in the city directing a psycho thriller called *Phobia*, but last week he spent two days setting a course in *Wind On*, another gacha thriller, which left him no time to house-hunt. Location scouts came unwittingly to the house when they had to find an appropriately sinister bureau-résideo to serve as a set for Huston's *Wind On* role as an invisible sculptor. A day before shooting they discovered the art-riddled home consisted of intentionally bizarre sculptor *Roscoe Huns* and his wife, sister *Mila Lotwin*. Entranced with the house, Huston asked if he and his dog could strike a hundred-dollar bar-



Denève: better than a perfume stopper

gain. He would move into their house and they could move into his winter retreat at Porto Vallarta, Mexico, for a few months. "The whole thing was sprung over a glass of wine and it

*Wind On* Huston: landlord and tenant



sounds very attractive," says Elrod, who is juggling schoolies and gallery openings with his wife so that they can take advantage of Huston's offer.

Sweater brand-seller *Patty Comer*, 67, recently made a confession. He has always hated the V-necked cardigan that became his trade mark in the 1960s. "They were made of alpaca and felted like hell," says the perpetually middle-aged-looking crowdier. "I never wore one except as a prop on TV."

Two years before *Bobby Orr* now his first diaper, Gordie (Rikky) Howe was chasing pecks for the Detroit Red Wings Nov. 58, the double right winger, then time for the war's Harford Whalers, despite rumors of diaphragm. "At my age everyone is concerned," says Howe, who will team up once again with sons Mark and Marty when the season opens on Oct. 10. "My son Murray [who signed out of hockey to study medicine] wanted me to run and get into such good shape that I'd go out and win the scoring title," says a jolted Howe, whose medical tests proved "fine," though he still feels a bit "heavy-headed." Before those bits he set his plans in film name the insurance commercials with "two other elders," basketball's *Bob Cousy* and football great *George Blund*. But right now Howe is in training. "Rather than take each year at a time, it's more like I'm taking each week at a time," he says.

Wrinkles, obesity and stress are the latest objects of the acupuncture's needle and one of the earliest Chinese arts: root-oriented practitioners in St. David's University, the grandson of missionary/physician *Albert Schweitzer*, who in his mid-30s, to returned in China, where he teaches the 4,000-year-old skill to students in Peking. Schweitzer recognizes that most Western doctors still consider needling second with the better ailments to be "quackery," but he predicts that the practice will be accepted in the 1990s, "not only because it works."

The idea is grotesque. Picture Mary Howe, plowing for the right to die. Yes, the same chipmunk-cheeked, married Mary, whose response to life's traumas in *Low Graft's* TV newsroom on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* consisted of "gash, gash" and "yee wha," is going to play the demanding role of a estranged victim in *White Lies Is It Diva*—an Broadway-style winner. She replaces British actor *Tim Corb*, who won

a Tony Award for his performance which consists solely of head movement, eye play and provocative scolding. Before Mary, 41, begins January rehearsals, the play will be rescripted for a woman in the mantles. More begins work as *Ordinary People*—her first feature film in 10 years. She re-stars with *Dennis Quaid* in the *South Coast* story, which has been dubbed "The Catcher in the Eye of the 70s." And gash, gash, go with the film stars *Robert Redford's* directorial debut.

When I was 15, I wanted to be either an assistant, like my father, or an archeologist," says Wisconsin *Claudine Auger*, 31, whose maid was made up for her when *Joe Cotten* cast her as a dancer in his last film, *Le Trésorier d'Orphée*. Later, Auger's impact as an actress was felt when the French-born beauty joined *Jean Reno's* beautiful collection in *Thunderbolt*. "It was an experience I'll never forget," she recalls fondly. "Don't Perigean on the next day," an extra part of

Auger: likely, rich, but no Don Perigean



luxury? Things weren't quite so gash on the set of the *Gilles Côté—Claude Lelouch—Luis Puy* marriage *Maquage*, *Paradise*, in which Auger played the kinky, risk wife of Jean Verson. At the end of the film, tanks disgorged as balloons ripped across the set with balloons exploding left, right and centre. Champagne notwithstanding, Auger flew home to Paris.

Even though he believes that "most people's inner actor would be best kept under wraps," author *Dreamed World* (The Nobel Act) decided to reveal himself in *Amel*. Dan, an autobiographical sketch that draws into his experiences as a writer at the London Zoo. In it he recounts such episodes as the glorious day upon which fellow ethnologist *Kenneth Loren* tried to teach a raven to eat meat from his hand, but ended up being attacked by the bird. The time *Morris* himself became the subject of the affectionate postscript *Amel*. *Morris* is currently caught in the middle of an literary projects simultaneously, including *Volume 2* of his autobiographies, *Howes Days*. "I think of myself as a sort of *Candide* [satire]," says a reflective *Morris*. "Somehow or other I find myself in very strange situations in which curious things happen to me not because I am odd, but because I seem to be a catalyst for oddity. A couple of years ago I was run over by the Pope—that's a story that will write *Howes Days*."

Raster *Buffy* for an animated special *Morris* will be back with the *Love* gang this fall, but *Don Ackroyd* and *John Hely* have been heard out so that they can concentrate on their film and music careers. "Darryl's brother to replace than John," claims *Morris*, who laments the loss, but contends "No one monkey stage the show."

The future over the filming of *William Tell* is Ontario could have in the streets of New York this autumn (*Morris*, Aug. 13, 1990). Gay activists took to the streets to protest the movie, which saw *Al Pacino* playing a cop of question-mark sexuality who becomes involved in a *Henry* homosexual murder investigation. "It's the gay *Looking for Mr. Goodbye*, nothing more," sighs *Rough Trader* *Cecile Pope*, who is composing half of the film's music with her collaborator, *Karen Simpson*. The *New Wave* *Lerner* and *Lerner* have about 20 songs to write before *November* and *Pope* says they are "trying to keep it light." Their music will be featured in gay-bar sequences and the themes they have developed so far are fashion victims, gay bish and "something about *Don Creveland*." Neither are fearful of gay backlash for their involvement. "People don't realize how versatile we are," says *Pope*, citing work they did for a recently show called *Chorus*. "We can really lower ourselves for money."

Edited by *Michael Zeidan*

Slip and Page: Yesterday's Night



A one of *Saturday Night Live's* Not-Ready-for-Prime-Time-Players, *Garrett Morris* has come a long way from his beginnings as a singer and comic stranger with *Mary Balch*. Though the lucky black comedian "never did a woman before *Lou*," he now courts his portrayal of *Sharon*. *The Times* among his favorite sites, which also includes the remarkable *Joe Lane* sports-center *Chloe Ewing*. "Don't a man and can't a woman, and I guess I'm not gay bisexual," says *Morris*, who has recently in Toronto taught the value of the

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## CAR LIFE



### Here's to a long and good life for your car

By Edward Belitsky

Before the advent of self-serve fuel stops, the men at the gasoline pump occasionally talked his customers into letting him take the hood and have a look at such things as oil level, battery, brake fluid and other areas crucial to the proper operation of the automobile. Now, no one bothers to lift the hood in many vehicles until they either stop running or refuse to start. This is an expensive — not to mention inconvenient — way to travel.

Repairing a vehicle only after something goes wrong usually means replacing the system that has failed.

This is costly and will become more costly as energy prices increase. New components will not be available at current costs unless someone devises a way to produce cheap energy for smelting metals and fabricating components. Barring this, the days of planned obsolescence are over.

The new era of energy conservation began with higher gasoline prices at the pumps. People are responding to the higher prices by buying more economy cars which have also shot up in price because of the inflated dollar and the new technology they contain. It seems that if you want economy, you'll have to pay for it. Some day when cars have become small enough and economical enough, we might even wind up picking up our fuel — whatever it might be — in plastic plug-in cans at the corner supermarket and putting in our emblems for refuel just like the 3-quart milk jug.

That's some day. But right now with energy costs being what they are most of us can bank on one thing — good car maintenance. The old adage about an ounce of prevention being worth a pound of cure is one hundred percent accurate in the case of vehicle maintenance, and that's what this supplement is all about.

Edward Belitsky, editor of this special supplement to *Maclean's*, a editor of *Canadian Automotive Trade Magazine*.



Our cover shot shows Commander Peter Berry (Canadian Navy, retired) with a 1960 Jaguar XK-150 Drop-Head Coupe. Commander Berry's brother, Dr. Charles Berry, who is associate dean of economics at Princeton University in New Jersey, bought it back in 1965 and looked after it personally, doing all the service and repair work himself. The Commander inherited the car three years ago and did the same with the occasional assistance of friendly and trusted mechanics. The result of this personal care is that the 150 runs like a fine watch and still gleams in its original coat of paint with 48,000 miles on the odometer. The 3.8-litre in-line DOHC 6 with a four-speed manual transmission and overdrive is capable of 135 mph in leechy-honey condition. It weighs 2,700 lb and develops 220 hp at 5500 rpm. Tires are 600x16. Original cost in 1960 was \$5,600. Latest offer from a collector was \$25,000.

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**PHOTOS** Photos for this supplement were taken mostly on the premises of Bouvier Road Auto and Tire Centre, 2506 Hwy 7 at Bouvier Road in Concord, Ont., just north of Toronto. They show service station operator Vince Cancello and his son, Lou Cancello, working in the various service areas discussed in the articles.



Color photography by Brian Miller



## STEEL-BELTED RADIAL:

# Unbeatable on the highway, unnecessary in the city

Tires can live up to their full potential with the help of a good pressure gauge.

There has been talk in the automotive industry for several years now of a marvelous new tire that's injection molded—cast all in one piece. The advantage of such a tire would be its weight, which is estimated at around a half of that of a steel-belted radial. Another advantage would be cost. The simple process would no doubt cut cost of construction down to a small fraction. Such a tire would also be precisely round and even.

Disadvantages would be such things as lack of durability—it can't possibly be made as tough as a fabric-reinforced one—and lack of tread stability.

That is what might happen to tires in the future. What has already happened is no less exciting and certainly as important. The widespread adoption of the belted radial the couple of years ago is the most important thing that's happened to tires since someone decided to replace his steel hoops with ones made of rubber.

When the radial came along, the industry knew it was on to a good thing and promptly overplayed its hand. The steel-belted radial was billed as everybody's answer to trouble-free motoring even before many of the domestic manufacturers knew how to build one.

First generations of radial tires came with crooked belts, flat spots, rubber that would not stick to the steel mesh and all kinds of other irregularities. Amazingly, many of these did deliver long wear, although putting up for 44,000 miles with a set of tires that wouldn't might not be considered as greatly advantageous by a lot of people who owned them. Curiously, radial tires may not be better than belted ones are easily improved over that first crop or two. The chances of getting a good tire now are very high, regardless of the brand.

This is good news, since excellent

tires have never been more necessary than they are now.

Front tires on the new crop of front-wheel-drive autos take a terrible beating compared to front tires on standard drive autos. While the work of steering and the work of braking are split up between the front and rear wheels in a standard car, it's all heaped upon the front tires in a front-drive model. That, plus the weight transfer that occurs when the brake is on, can pile up to 80% of the work onto the front tires.

No doubt the front-wheel-drive auto builders will recommend the



A reference of 10 pounds pressure in radial tires results in perceptible change in the shape of the sidewall.



tires be rotated every 10 or 12,000 miles and this is one set of instructions in the owner's manual that had better not be ignored.

Going without a spare may not leave the motorist quite as helpless as it would seem at first glance. The new radials are good. They are tough. They should go 45-50,000 miles, given proper care.

Proper care contains largely around air pressure. One of the best investments a motorist can make after investing \$420 into a set of steel-belted radials is to buy a \$3.98 gauge or take a dollar pressure tester. Checking out the pressure in each of the four tires should be on the Saturday morning checklist of things to do for carefree motoring.

Trouble with radials, they look the same whether they're properly in-

flated or 15 pounds per square inch under. It's impossible to tell by looking. The sidewalls always bulge. This is due to their construction. They are built to be flexible. They have to be flexible because the tread can't. The tread is backed by a stiff belt that keeps it stable and open for excellent traction and road adhesion under varying conditions, but the irregularities have to be taken out somewhere else—the soft, 2-ply sidewall. So they bulge.

Anyone requiring additional reassurance that it might be unnecessary to have a spare can let the dealer sell him a fire-proofing treatment comprised of a couple of ounces of a formula guaranteed to seal punctures. The formula is the latex-based mix of a couple of years ago that used to blow bubbles when a nail penetrated. This one stays liquid and simply bleeds a few milky green droplets for a couple of tree revolutions then seals against further leakage. It can be washed out with pure water if necessary.

The radial-ply tire is not the answer to everyone's motoring problems. The good old bias-ply tire should not be counted out because it can do things the radial cannot. For instance, it can run over cobblestone or stone tracks or potholed sidewalks with a lot more ease and comfort than can a radial.

The bias-ply tire's tread is flexible. It can bend and squirm around irregularities on the road, leaving a lot less work for the sidewalls, springs and shock absorbers to do. In that regard, the bias-ply tire is probably the better tire for city driving.

The radial as the highway tire it performs well at high speed, corners well and maintains a good grip on the road surface, even when it's covered with snow. Motorists afraid of driving on ice might try the all-weather radial or on all the way to the ice radial. These contain various soft formulas that stay pliable even when it's cold. The trade-off is durability. Some of these rubber compounds will not last as long as a harder rubber. The harder rubber, on the other hand, will perform well at high speeds and will tend to break traction on ice, will slide more easily on dry asphalt or wet road conditions.

Some of the rubber special-purpose formulas are so sophisticated they use one formula for the left front wheel and another for the right front at the Indy 500. You name it, they have it. But make sure it's what you need.



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## FILTERS, FLUID LEVELS:

### The 15,000-mile filter: How good is it?

The secret to successful filtration is to change filters more often.

Oil filter manufacturers are now talking about filters that are good for 15,000 miles. They have to. The auto manufacturers have extended the oil change period to 7,500 miles with filter change every second oil change.

Does this mean they can quite easily come up with a "super filter" then? Hardly. The filters they have are mostly very good. And even the worst among them are adequate when used sensibly, and using a filter assembly means taking it out, throwing it into the garbage and installing a new one as often as possible.

Leaving the same filter in the car for 15,000 miles is not what most mechanics would consider an rational behavior on the part of the motorist. Most mechanics change them along with the oil every 3,000 miles or so.

There was a time not too long ago—in the '40s and '50s when the oil filter did not come as standard equipment on the automobile. The new car buyer had the option of buying one. But those were the days of the 3,000-mile oil change, too.

The new air filters are mostly of pleated paper. They are designed to be discarded as soon as they are too full of dirt to be of much further use. Some people make a practice of giving them a few blinks with the air hose to get rid of the more obvious dirt, but this procedure is not recommended. It's impossible to get the small particles out of the pores in most cases and a filter that's 50 per cent blocked is only 50 per cent as permeable with the result that your air cleaner has difficulty breathing. That is, there is a tendency to trap more gasoline than air and that plays havoc with the economy. With the price of a gallon of gasoline going at a buck a crack, the replacement of a \$4.98 filter once every six months can be good economy. Your mechanic doesn't simply replace the filter. He removes the air breather, shakes out the grit, sand and small pellets that accumulate outside the element, wipes it dry, then dribbles a few drops of light oil around the circle where the

new filter will sit. He will spread this oil evenly with his thumb then put the filter in place. He will put a few additional drops of oil around the top ring of the filter and smooths it in the same way before he puts the cover back on and tightens it down.

Purpose of this exercise is to obtain an airtight seal and make sure no dirt gets by over or under the filter.

Gas line filters are just as necessary. These screen out the impurities in gasoline before they get into the delicate inner parts of the carburetor.

Another filter that needs to be replaced on occasion is the one in the bottom of the hydrocarbon separator. That's the cylindrical container with hoses from the carburetor leading to it. This one is designed to store excess fumes and fuel from the carburetor until the one is started, whereupon they are sucked back.

There's another filter inside the air cleaner. It's a dry pad of fibreglass batting that digs to an opening through which clean air is sucked into the crankcase. This, too, must be replaced every 10,000 miles or so.

Getting back to the oil filter, which is the most important filter of them all where the engine's health is concerned, it's best to avoid the gimmicks. The filters your mechanic installs are essentially the type that come as original equipment with your car when it's new. They are sufficiently inexpensive to make good



It isn't room for the larger filter size of Stage 1, looking capacity is important.



Holding the air filter element up to strong light can indicate its condition. When the paper is quite opaque, the filter should be discarded.

economic sense on a 3,000-mile basis.

The basic difference in filters of the same type is the difference in size, and, therefore, the difference in capacity. Capacity is important when it comes to dirt-holding ability. A filter that's two-thirds of a line in size can hold twice as much sludge as one that's a third of a line in size. If your car can handle the bigger filter, it's best to opt for that one even if it costs a buck more.

There are filters that do an excellent job of keeping solid impurities out of the oil but have hardly any capacity to hold them. Holding capacity is crucial to a filter's ability to get the distance between oil changes, working all the way. Ask your mechanic about that.

As you might have guessed, there are no real "miracle" filters. There are many good ones, though, and the best filter is a new filter. Many filters give a set of ideal conditions, might perform adequately for up to 20,000 miles but can anyone really afford to take that chance?

Along with filters it is necessary to keep an eye on the fluid levels in a car.

Most important fluid level that's being largely ignored today because people deal with self service is the crankcase dipstick. This one tells the motorist if there is enough crankcase lube. It should be No. 1 on his Saturday morning checklist.

Nearly as important is the new automatic transmission dipstick, usually located near the firewall. This one tells the level of fluid in the automatic transmission. It can be checked only when the transmission is at full operating temperature in most cars, and the vehicle should be standing on the level.

Another fluid level is that in the power steering reservoir. This, too, is a dipstick. It's the round, cylinder-like object down low near the steering gear.

Levels in the manual transmission and differential are checked by unscrewing a plug and inserting a finger.

All of the foregoing are tubes and hydraulic fluids. Two that aren't include the coolant and the windshield washer fluid. Both can usually be checked by viewing the level in the plastic overflow reservoir in the case of the coolant and the container in the case of the washer fluid.

Don't forget the brake fluid level. This can be viewed directly in the plastic reservoir in many late model cars or by prying the retaining spring off the master cylinder cover.

## DATSUN LEADS WITH LEAST NUMBER OF REPAIRS

We read this in the April 18 issue of "Autoweek" and we couldn't have said it better.

You may have heard about Datsun quality and pre-testing. These are no longer promises, they're practically guarantees.

AUTOWEEK, APRIL 18, 1979

### "DATSUN LEADS LIST OF WARRANTY WINNERS."

Exclusive editorial information provided to Autoweek by the North American Dealer Group shows that Datsun ranked number one for least number of reported oil seal problems in all cars in this group.

A survey contribution factor to the gearbox each maker had in the top six also in the cost of repairs as well as combined new and used repair frequency.

This data represents information gathered by the (parent) company in this form of claims in 1978. Datsun's record was based on all models and models sold in the U.S. over the past two-year period.



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## OILS AND ADDITIVES:

### Even miracle lubes should be dumped

Yes, there is such a thing as a miracle lube. No, it should not be left in the engine for indefinite periods of time.

Any oil that enough to allow easy starting in the middle of a Saskatchewan winter which is also thick enough to keep the moving surfaces in an engine apart is stop-and-go lube on Southern Ontario's Queen Elizabeth Way during the dog days of August deserves attention.

There are several of them on the market. They are called long-life lubes, synthetics or even permanent oils by some reckless promoters, but they are not to be taken in terms of permanence in the case of engine lubes. For one thing, it might void a new engine warranty.

The original — and probably the best — synthetic lubes offered on the market in Canada are ester and ester-based. These are excellent oils, but not miracles. Their promoters sometimes point out that esters are used to lubricate jet turbines. The implication that if they are good enough for jet turbines, who the hell are you to question them? is astonishing. The needs of a jet turbine are quite different from those of a reciprocating-type internal combustion engine. The mission in a jet turbine is all out.

The fact is, almost any good oil could work indefinitely, provided it does not become contaminated in the process. Solid impurities such as carbon, soot and metal filings can be filtered out down to a double micron size, but soluble pollutants are something else again. Operating the car fully warmed up can vaporize some impurities such as water and even some hydrocarbons, but there are solubles that cannot be separated at any of the operating temperatures and remain in solution. The only way to get rid of them is to dump the lube.

Again, dumping the oil at the manufacturer's recommended interval — 7,500 miles in some cases — is stretching it a bit.

The best procedure is to dump that lube and fill with every 3,000 miles. It's cheap insurance and it will probably keep your engine going to 160,000 miles or more with no major

surgery.

Mind you, the new oils — even the non-miraculous ones — are much better than they were in the good old days during the '50s when we changed lube every 1,000 miles. The new oils — even the non-miraculous ones — contain sufficient quantities and quality of additives to lube the engine adequately during a normal drain period. The premium ones, however, contain a more sophisticated formulation of detergents, anti-corrosives, stabilizers, emulsifiers — whatever else it takes to keep an oil doing what it's supposed to do — keep the moving surfaces apart and clean.

Some oils contain more detergent than others. The motorist who sees a cloud of smoke behind him when he stops down on the accelerator has probably been using one of too low a detergent. Chances are his rings are stuck and oil is getting past them into the combustion chamber. (Mildly) dirty can be either to dump a portion of crankcase detergent offered by several automotive suppliers, drive a day or two then dump the whole thing, or ask the favorite mechanic to change the lube and refill with high-detergent oil. The engine may sound noisier after the new oil begins to do its job, but rest assured it's being scrubbed clean and shiny inside and there should be no more blue smoke behind upon acceleration.

Some people think it's best to alternate between fills of high-detergent and regular oil. Your mechanic should have some good advice on this. Ask him.

The oil light indicates whether there is any oil pressure. Pressure may drop or disappear when the oil level is so low there is no oil to pump OR if the oil pump has ceased and is no longer

developing pressure for some reason. If the oil light goes on immediately when the brake is applied hard, the engine is about three quarts short. Head straight for the nearest service station. If it goes on in the course of cruising or idling at a steady rate, the first thing to do is check the engine oil and call a tow truck. There are serious problems.

All moving parts in the car must be lubed. Some like the heater blower, are pre-lubed by means of oil-cocked felt wipers and should need no attention for years. All the others must be looked into periodically. The owner's manual usually gives a detailed schedule for this.

Grease fittings in the steering and front suspension should be given a shot of waterproof grease every time the car is up on the hoist for an oil change. The grease should be waterproof for obvious reasons.

Front wheel bearings should be cleaned and re-packed with new high-temperature grease about every 25,000 miles. Take care of those bearings. The forces acting upon them are powerful.

Rear wheel bearings are lubed by the same grease as the differential. Have your favorite mechanic remove the back plate, dump the grease, clean out the case, put the plate back on with a new gasket and refill with high grade gear lube — the best he's got.

Have him dump the transmission fluid and fill with every 34,000 miles or so. There are kits for it and the job costs little. This too, is good insurance.

Use a lithium-based waxy lube on your beaver and stoker plates in the doors as well as hood and trunk catches.



First oil change a year, gold-leaf spray. A thousand, silver leaf. It's back with the product of combustion. Keeping moving parts clean is almost as important as keeping them tight.

## ENGINE & POWER TRAIN:

### The sights and sounds of mechanical malfunction

Despite new technology resulting in new power train configurations, old problems will have to be handled in the same old ways.

Despite whole sale shifts toward smaller engines and boxier wheel drive there is really nothing much new under the hood. The old Corvairs and Audubons under front wheel drive have been in the early '30s and the Austin Mini has used it all along in recent years. The new configurations will not require any special care other than what should be afforded your current automobiles.

While each manufacturer has at least one redesigned, lighter automatic transmission for the new crop of cars, many drivers will probably opt

for the lighter four speed shifter because these small cars are not going to be terribly comfortable anyhow and an automatic transmission is unlikely to make much difference. As a matter of fact, the smaller cars are more performance oriented than their predecessor and shifter gears can definitely add to the fun and despair some of the boredom of a little car with a motor that can't be heard much while in transit.

People who have never shifted a car in their lives will find it doesn't take long to get the hang of it and it shouldn't take longer than one blown-out clutch to imprint on a gear driver's mind the fact that a clutch should be either engaged or disengaged, not ridden. Riding a clutch cuts its lifetime usefully and they're quite expensive to replace. Not as expensive as replacing the bands in an automatic but it could set you back \$175.

The sounds a drive train makes can clue the listener in to possible problems in the making.

Metallic ringing from the area of the water pump says it's running dry and can use a can of lube dumped in the cooling system before it's too late. Check to see if it's leaking under pressure—that is, when the engine is

all warmed up.

A clicking sound from the engine when it's warming up could be worn valve lifters. A top oil may keep the situation from deteriorating, but the cover will eventually have to come off and a mechanic will have to have a look at it. This is not a major repair procedure and should not cost the owner's back teeth.

A rapid clicking sound upon hard acceleration — referred to as valve train chatter — means the trim rings off. It could also mean the operator has switched octane, in which case a re-timing may be in order anyway if the same gasoline is going to be used from now on.

A distinct click when shifting from forward to reverse or back indicates a worn universal joint on the propeller shaft. This should be replaced before it snaps.

A growl from the rear may mean worn bearings at the back wheels.

A high speed howl from the rear may mean it's time to take off the snow tires and get the summer slicks back on.

A click on the rear axle when turning could mean the limited slip differential is slipping in small increments exactly as if it meant to.

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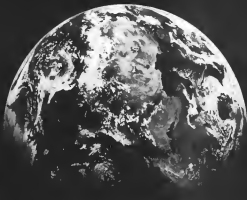
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ENGINE: Type 2600 cc (160hp), 2600 cc (160hp) 4-cylinder. Displacement: 2600 cc. Compression ratio: 8.5 to 1. Max. horsepower: 160hp at 5000rpm. Max. torque: 242 Nm (17.6kg-m) at 3000rpm. \*Specifications and equipment may differ in your area.

DIMENSIONS: Overall length: 4600mm. Overall width: 1680mm. Overall height: 1240mm. Wheelbase: 2620mm. Track F: 1480mm R: 1480mm.



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### SATURDAY MORNING CHECK LIST

Saturday morning may be the perfect time to give a car the attention the owner was too busy to give it during the week. Bring it up to full operating temperature which is necessary for part of the procedure.

Begin by taking tire pressures with your personal pressure gauge before going anywhere. Pressures must be taken before the vehicle is moved or readings will be off. Check out the spare, too. A flat spare is useless.

Run your bare palms around the head of each tire carefully. The object is to detect any nails or other foreign objects that might have become imbedded in the tread.

Examine the toes for brake fluid stains which would mean a broken line or a malfunctioning cylinder.

When the warm-up tip is completed, pull the crankcase oil dipstick and note whether it's up or needs a quart. If it appears sludgy and it's been a couple of thousand miles since the last oil change, change it.

Pull automatic transmission dipstick with engine running and at full operating temp, the car on the level, having first run the selector through the positions. Note level. Some procedures for checking AT levels vary. Refer to owner's manual.

Pull battery filler plugs and have a look at electrolyte level. Don't strike a match or use a lighter to see or the battery may blow up. If it's up to the filler neck level, it's okay. If it's down to the plates, it needs a shot of distilled water. Tap water will not do. There are too many chemicals in it a battery does not need.

Pull power steering reservoir cap and have a look at the fluid level there.

Check brake master cylinder levels. When they're low, it's an indication that fluid is disappearing somewhere and the system had better be looked into.

Check coolant hoses for leaks while car is at operating temperature and the pressure is up. If there's a coolant overflow tank, note level of coolant when hot. Remember, coolant is added to the tank, not to the radiator. Do not under any circumstance attempt to remove the pressure cap when the engine is under full operating temperature. The coolant will boil when the pressure is released.

Check washer fluid level. Refill with proper mix that will work in be-

low freezing temperatures without freezing.

Check wiper blades. A torn squeegee can result in a permanent arc scratched into the nice, new windshield. Put a drop of oil on the moving parts of the metal wiper arms for smooth operation. Keep oil off the rubber and the glass.

Check out drive belts. Look for glazing, checking or frayed edges. Note how they sit in the V-grooves. A belt that's away down in the groove shouldn't be. It's probably worn out.

Release floor belts by loosening the right accessory and drawing it tight by hand. No pry bars, please. Especially no prying against power steering reservoir.

Have you been driving through swarms of grasshoppers, dogfishes, or clouds of dirt/dust or cotton-wood outcrops? Check out red coat to see that air can pass through it.

Any serious stone chips on leading edges of fenders and behind wheel wells? Touch up with correct color of touch-up paint after spot sanding.



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44-21

## COOLING SYSTEM:

### Weight cutting will result in a better cooling system

As these are also one bad, sick, comrade, one bad plus a lot of other little factors that contribute to the health and proper function of the cooling system.

The most significant change in the cooling systems of new cars is the switch to thermostatically controlled electric fans from the belt-driven variety. While this system has been used on some foreign vehicles like Fiat and Jaguar for years, it has only recently caught on to a small degree in the domestic car market. Motors must be prepared to see more of the electric type on the market. They are extremely light and efficient. They save energy by cutting in only when necessary, and that's mostly at low speeds or at idle. The heavy steel-belted mechanical fans can take up to 10 hp or more at very high speeds when they shouldn't be turning at all because there is enough air whistling through the radiator to keep it cool.

While 10 hp more or less didn't mean a lot at one time with the big 450 cubic engines, it can represent more than 10% of the total torque output in the small engines powering the new economy cars.

Having a vehicle with an electric

radiator fan is no cause for the motorist to stop checking on the condition of his drive belts. Even if the fan is electric, there's still a need for something to drive the alternator, power steering, air pump and water pump, not to mention other accessories such as air conditioner. This usually means any where from two to four drive belts up front, each of which should be examined during the Saturday morning checklist. Any belt that's worn or is way down into the pulley groove is ready to replace.

Tight the suspected belt around so that the inner surfaces can be viewed. If there are any cracks or if it appears glazed or flattened, it should be replaced at once. Belts don't usually wear out. They are destroyed through friction when they are either misrouted, installed or improperly tensioned. First signs that a belt needs snugning up is a squeaking sound from the engine compartment. If the sound comes upon sudden acceleration or when the straps are loaded on, it's the alternator belt that's signaling. If it comes when the driver is maneuvering into a tight parking space, it's the power steering belt.

Do not confuse the squeak of a loose belt with the buzz of the power steering bypass valve at the maximum left or right turn position. Without this valve the power steering would bend the components completely out of shape.

When tensioning a belt, the well-equipped mechanic will use a tension gauge to tell him when it's sufficiently snug. When he doesn't have one, he will move out the power steering reservoir or alternator by hand.

It's possible to run a car some

distance without an alternator or even without power steering, but you're going nowhere the moment the water pump stops pumping.

The cooling system in most cars at least a 50/50 mix of ethylene glycol and water. That's good for signs 35F in winter and about plus 240F at the upper end of the temperature scale. Straight water would freeze at plus 32F and boil at plus 212F. Glycol extends the freezing and boiling point seaward in both directions. In addition, it contains corrosion inhibitors that prevent any rusting on the passages within the block. Special alloy blocks sometimes require special coolant mixes to retard corrosion. Check your owner's manual.

The glycol mix also contains lubricant for the water pump. It's a good idea to dump in a can of water pump lubricant when coolant is changed. This will extend the life of the water pump indefinitely. Listen to your water pump. If it makes little noises at idle, that's the sound of metal on metal. It needs a can of water pump lube at once.

Its generally thought that a coolant mix should be good for about two years operation, depending on the speed of the chemical reaction between the coolant passages and the coolant.

Your Saturday morning checklist should include an inspection of the cooling system. Squeeze hoses to see if they're resilient. If they aren't, they may have been overcooked from sitting in stock traffic. Are the clamps snug? If they've taken a set, new hoses might be in order.

If the radiator is boiling and the fan belt is intact, a stuck thermostat is indicated. Loosen the red cap slowly. It's under pressure and will erupt like a volcano if anyone is persistent and foolish enough to loosen it. If running a hand over the red cap reveals that a half of it is hot while the other half is cold, it's the thermostat, all right. It's stuck shut. Discard and replace with a new one.

The cooling system should be flushed and/or cleaned out with a scoring solution each time the coolant is changed. There are several flushing systems available at service dealer shops that do an excellent job of flushing, cleaning and replacing with new coolant of the proper mix.

Don't forget the water pump lubricant and check out the pressure cap to make sure it's operating properly because if it fails to hold the correct pressure, the coolant may boil at a much lower temperature. Pressure is the other factor that keeps the mix from boiling.

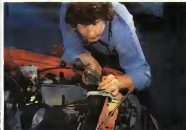
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The hydrometer can tell the mechanic how much glycol is present in the coolant and show him whether it's clear or milky, indicating an air leak.

## BODY PROTECTION:

### There's a limit to what the auto builders can do

Protecting the integrity and appearance of an automobile's body requires special technology on the part of the builder and a sense of pride of ownership on the part of the owner.

Problems with corrosion are caused mostly by increased use of steel on the chassis and highway and are aggravated by lack of care on the part of the owner.

Many owners wish their vehicles lasted twice as long — one in the spring and once in the fall. It's doubtful even the most meticulous manufacturer could meet this modern technology can come up with a vehicle that will survive this kind of treatment, especially if the owner happens to keep his vehicle in a heated garage. Corrosion is a chemical reaction and all chemical reactions are sensitive to temperature. The higher the temperature, the faster the rate of corrosion.

The manufacturer knows that while corrosion cannot be beaten, it can certainly be delayed.

Body shells on the assembly line are given a dip in a primer that's drawn into every crack and crevice electrochemically to make sure nothing is left exposed anywhere. The primer is thoroughly laid with zinc, a metal that participates in a galvanic reaction more readily than steel and in doing so, preserves the steel underneath. Acrylic paint is applied by automatic spray and touched up by hand in areas inaccessible to an automatic nozzle.

The whole assembly passes through an infrared oven in the final stage, melting the plastic paint and re-flowing it on even layer and that beautiful mirror-like gloss.

It would be reasonable to suppose that at the end of such meticulous treatment all metal body parts should be permanently sealed against oxidation or any other type of galvanic reaction. They should, but in reality a pinhole always appears here or there. A galvanic circuit is established by a drilled hole to anchor body mouldings, antennas or accessories such as mirrors. Stone chips appear, steel

followed by little rust blisters.

The owner can secure additional rust protection by having a coat of wax applied internally when the car is new and hasn't yet had the time to accumulate dirt particles in the cracks and crevices. It's those dirt particles that cause all the internal damage in the seams and welded sections. Combined with salt, they're deadly.

Salt is no great concern agent in itself, but it has the property of attracting atmospheric moisture with the result that a salty area stays wet and since wetness promotes galvanic reaction, it doesn't take a salty load of dirt long to chew its way through a seam.

The wax used in internal rust protection is compounded to stay pliable in minus 30C, and not melt and dribble away at plus 50C, which is a temperature roughly the same as that of a black car standing in the July sun. All of the people who do the rustproofing on new cars use compatible materials. It's up to the new car owner to establish in advance that they know what they're doing and where to do it on his particular make of car. Ask them to show you a diagram outlining all of the false bottoms and ball-in-box sections in your make of car. If they cannot, take it to someone who can. Because that will make all the difference between the pro and the dabbler.

The points used on the new cars are the best looking since cars that have never been dented. They are literally the products of a space-age technology. Anyone who wants to retain that high gloss and reduce the chances of corrosion should begin his weekly car wash ritual by giving the vehicle a complete once over in his driveway with a sponge and a bucket of warm water with a little mild detergent in it. Dishwashing liquid is fine. When that's done, the car should be taken to a nearby car wash and sprayed and rinsed down with the high pressure

nozzle, being careful to get into the wheel wells and inside the bumpers and frame members that might be harboring dirt and salt.

The vehicle should dry sparkling clean if it has had a polishing job recently. If it hasn't, give it one. A good polish will remove oxidized surface paint, leaving the bright, fresh surface that can look like new even after five years. When the polishing is done, give the whole exterior, except the windows, a coat of wax. This will keep dirt and dust from lining the surface for weeks, making the job of washing much, much easier.

Want to do a really professional-looking job? Use a good rubber dressing on your tires. If your local supplier hasn't any, use a good dishwashing liquid. Apply liberally by hand, rubbing it into the sidewalls and the raised lettering. Wipe off with a cloth and stand back to admire. The rubber comes out looking like new.

Does the rubber around the door seals and trunk with silicone spray. A can of spray lubricant is one of the best investments a car owner can make. The stuff acts as a lube and preservative. Apply it a couple of times a year and the rubber seals around doors and windows should outlast the vehicle.

Vinyl tops can be cleaned by any one of several good vinyl cleaners on the market. When it's clean to the owner's satisfaction, use the wax sealant you use on the body to keep the vinyl from drying out.

Chrome trimpeels well to chrome cleaners and body wax. Poorly chrome bumper which tend to pinhole with rust blossoms everywhere can be brought back to an acceptable appearance by the use of steel wool or a good polishing compound.

There are a number of good glass cleaners for the inside of the windshield and side windows, but the job is always better when old newspapers are used instead of cloth. Crumple them up first.

It doesn't hurt to run a cloth with a vinyl preservative over the plastic and vinyl surfaces on the car's interior to keep them clean and bright looking for years. We've had the best results from silicone-based dressing.

No body-care session is complete without greasing such components as door hinges and locks with lithium-based lubes, being careful not to leave any excess which might stick to the clothing of people trying to get into or out of the back seat. Don't forget the trunk lock and the catch on the hood, as well as the hinges.

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## GOODYEAR



Only the operation is done professionally, bringing out the body in old paint and using it against further deterioration. requires good products and plenty of elbow grease.

## LIGHTING:

### Efficiency vs glare

It's relatively easy to create a strong light, but not so easy to keep it from blinding oncoming drivers.

The standard sealed beam headlamps that come with domestic cars can be described as adequate for day-to-day urban driving. They should be replaced, however, for holiday trips where there are great stretches of unlighted highway.

The lamps needed for a holiday trip are quartz-halogen. These are available in various outputs right up to 3000/050 candela, which is enough to light up the road ahead for a half mile or more, allowing sufficient time to bring a speeding car down to a comfortable halt. Current sealed beams put out about 75,000 cp. This is enough to light up 150 ft of road at low beam and it takes exactly 5.5 seconds to go 150 ft at 100 km/h. Most drivers would not care to match their reflexes up against those odds.

The pre-'79 vehicles are equipped with the 75,000 cp sealed beams as original equipment but the U.S. Department of Transport doubled the maximum permissible high-beam output to 79 cans to 150,000 cp with the result that a lot of the new cars come equipped with quartz halogens and the rest have received an improved sealed beam type that provides more light than the standard lamps. While these are much better for normal everyday use, they are still hardly adequate for fast driving on unlighted highways at night.

The question that begins here is: if the halogen headlights are so good, then why are they not allowed as original equipment? The halogen lamp people point to the fact that halogens are widely used in Europe and trucks and the RCMP use them

on their vehicles here in Canada.

The problem, of course, is the brighter the lamps, the more likely they are to blind oncoming drivers. Apparently, the DOT in the U.S. takes the view that there must be a happy medium somewhere between lamps that cause by night and lamps that alone oncoming traffic to see, also.

The manufacturers of the most powerful quartz-halogen lamps imported into Canada from Europe are quick to point out that their beams are precisely tailored to illuminate the road surface to the right and down, away from the eyes of oncoming traffic in the low beam mode.

Reflections on modern lamps are no longer haphazardly shaped parabolas designed to concentrate the light dead ahead, leaving the driver with the man with the screwdriver and the lamp alignment equipment. They are now computer-shaped to cast a beam precisely where it's needed with very little light spill.

European manufacturers use both reflector and lens technology to direct their beams and with sufficient access to cut off the beam precisely at the point where it might constitute a danger to oncoming traffic.

The problem comes when people pick up their new quartz halogen lamps at the corner store, install them themselves and get out on the road without aligning them properly. Many of the merchants who handle the lamps do not back up their sales to the customer by offering them an opportunity to align the lamps.



Most important operator in the installation of quartz halogen headlamps is their proper alignment.

to align the lamps.

When it's worse than the do-it-yourself installer who doesn't bother to check out the alignment of the new lamps is the one who cranks them up for maximum effect, achieving maximum glare to oncoming traffic. This is dangerous not only to the people who are blinded to oncoming traffic, but to the operator and occupants of the mis-aligned vehicle. He runs the risk of getting hit by every one of the drivers he blinds along the way.

A big difference between halogen and the regular tungsten sealed beams is durability. The sealed beam lamps are practically indestructible. On the other hand, the quartz-halogen have a tendency to corrode because of their metal reflection. A replacement bulb costs around \$12 and will burn out on the average once every two or three years. This is understandable in a lamp that operates at temperatures over 3,000°C and higher. It is undesirable in the area of efficiency, however. The regular tungsten lamp puts out about 12.5 lumens of light per watt compared with 25 lumens per watt for the quartz halogen.

It is because of this that the new car of the future may come equipped with halogen lamps. It takes half the power to produce the same light output, the wiring harness, alternator, battery etc. may all be reduced in size and weight, and it's weight reduction the manufacturers are looking for now.

It is very important to seal the rubber seals on the lamps with the utmost care since the fit of the rubber is all that keeps highway salt out of contact with the metallic components and it is this contact which results in the ultimate destruction of the lamp.

There is a new generation of all-glass halogen lamps built like the sealed beam which will not corrode. These are not of the same power as the European type and, therefore, not as good for high speed motor out in the boonies.

whenever gasoline the operator wants to use before tuning begins.

Cars designed to operate on lead-free fuel are equipped with induction-hardened valve seats or come with valve seat inserts that can be replaced when worn. The oil people expect high test gasoline to be back, but not likely in its leaded form. Future octanes might be sustained by an alcohol additive known as tertiarybutyl ether, or MTBE.

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You will recognize Gulf's new HydroTreated motor oil when you see the HT symbol of latest excellence.



Site Symbol of Latest Excellence



### Living without high-test fuels

High compression engines that require premium fuels will run fine on lead-free premium, according to oil company spokesmen. While the octane rating of about 92 in the unleaded fuels will be sufficient to ignite without preignition in all but a very

few engines, the occasional tankful of leaded regular will be necessary to re-deposit the coating of lead oxide on the valve seats.

The oil people say one tankful in 30 should do it. If the preignition is severe, the motorists should by a half and half mix with premium, or leaded in two tankfuls or even a 30 percent mix in three. Many engines with compression ratio of less than 10:1 will run fine on leaded regular if they are tuned to it. The tank should be filled with



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Canada

## A stunned hush in Paris West

By David Thomas

**A** city laments the death of a newspaper. But the abrupt end of *The Montreal Star* last week was more than the loss of just another daily. It was brutal proof to Canadians that chain ownership does not ensure newspaper survival and, for English-speaking Montrealers, it was the silencing of a strong, sometimes strident, voice at a time when their institutions, economic power and community self-confidence are disintegrating.

The *Star's* demise also demonstrated the ultimate costs of obsolete labor-management relations within Canada's newspaper industry. While computer terminals replace typewriters and other technological makes hot lead an old-fashioned as green eyeshades, newspaper unions and managements indulged in primitive jousts which, in Montreal alone, have killed two papers within a year and left another teetering at the brink of self-destruction. Both the *Star* and *Montreal-Matin* lost circulation advertisers and finally their existence as a direct result of extended work stoppages. The same cause has made survival of the overstaffed, underma-



Paul Vachon, a 27-year *Star* photographer, reads the last day's paper: final proof.

ried long-tenured *Windsor Free Press* has been brought to fight off a challenge by Southern's *The Windsor Tribune* and in September the chain launched its *News Service*, headed by Macdonald's former managing editor Kevin Doyle, with bureaus planned for four Canadian cities, Washington and London. Ironically, the inaugural piece by the new Ottawa columnist Doug Small appeared in the *Star's* final edition.

In Vancouver, Southern's *The Province* and the *Vancouver Sun* initiate editorial competition while pooling production and advertising sales—a scheme which was prevented in Montreal by Quebec labor law. *Sun* Publisher Clark Davey noted that the semi-corporate merger the Vancouver papers will be struck simultaneously, preventing circulation gains by the other and permitting the sharing of financial losses. He assured Davey: "As long as one paper makes a dollar more than the other one loses, there will always be two papers in Vancouver."

That is little comfort to English Montrealers for whom the loss of the

*Star's* 300 jobs was an economic wound aggravated only two days later by the unexpected closing of Redpath Industries Ltd.'s Montreal refinery, half of whose 360 workers are English-speaking. The *Star's* disappearance re-created the anxiety of Montreal's 600,000 anglophones (see page 24) that the control of their destiny has escaped them. It was in Toronto that PP decided to kill the paper whose post-strike circulation of 115,000 could not support a payroll bloated by years of being No. 1. The loss and hungry desire for 50,000 copies a hand because of the strike.

Immediately, the well went up that Montreal could no longer support two English dailies because of the minority's slow strangulation by Quebec language law and the flight of anglophone business. In its editorial, the paper's last edition requested the "Be many of the institutions familiar to English-speaking Montrealers, have taken on new and unfamiliar shapes in recent years, or even have dropped out of sight entirely. Now, the pride and the joy that anglophones take in their city have been dealt the heaviest blow yet by the disappearance of so familiar—and so important—an institution as the *Star*."

# The shoe, whether it fits or not, is on the other foot

By David Thomas

A soft faillade of bubbles emanates from a hidden gun, effervescing to the diffident autumn light over Place Jacques Cartier. Cameras sweep the scene for one of a rush of movies being produced in Montreal with the backward-bending co-operation of municipal officials. So eager is the city's new image-building development com-

Montreal is changing drastically as it digests two concurrent phenomena: a sudden tipping of the balance of power between English and French and an acceptance that the city's age of adolescent growth is past. Perceptions of, and reaction to, the changes are, of course, different, depending on whether the beholder is a Montrealer or a Montrealite. Whether he is on the losing or the winning side.



mmission for the attention of modernizers that it has authorized the erection later this year of a film-set replica of Moscow's Kremlin, just across the square from Mayor Jean Drapeau's city hall. Meanwhile, under the bubbles, couples clink nose-bear aperitifs at the outdoor cafés ringing the cobblestoned square as lawyers and judges leaving the nearby courthouse step crisply across the paths of horse-drawn carriages. This is the heart of the other, happier Montreal whose Old World aura is authentic down to the vestments of American tourists who make English compete with French as the go-together vernacular.

But by winter, English will rarely be heard in the bars and restaurants of Place Jacques Cartier: few Montrealers seek their pleasure here. Many probably couldn't find it without a hearty grin. Indisputably, there are two Montreals. Though the cleavage is as clean as ever after 200 years of cobaltization,

adding stock of Montreal, the majority of its English community, the relative confidence of its French majority and the insistence of the city's once-pugnacious Italian and Greek neighborhoods make the Parti Québécois scheme for a separate Quebec seem almost anachronistic. The grievances of French-speaking Quebecers are hardly visible. Now, the sense of restricted opportunity and linguistic discrimination is felt by the English—a fact many Quebec nationalists refuse to acknowledge because it saps the logic and justice of their cause.

More than 100 English-speaking firms have moved operations from Montreal since 1976,\* a trend that began well before the Parti Québécois attained power but which has accelerated since. Thousands of highly paid managers and professionals have quit enclaves in Westmount and bungalows in lesser neighborhoods, depriving English Montreal of economic and social leadership.

Montreal's double treason—the erosion of its English elite and a general decline in economic growth—was vividly expressed earlier this year by the C D Howe Research Institute, which said the loss of head offices will turn Montreal into "a big Milwaukee." Treating the decline as inevitable, the institute said, "As Montreal loses its national services and becomes a more regional city, it will become increasingly French. Its French-speaking inhabitants will assume the important posts in a city whose role is diminishing and will therefore feel the changing role of Montreal less keenly than will its English-speaking inhabitants."

As the English relinquish their economic hegemony to the French, leaders are emerging from within each community to promote their vision of Montreal's uncertain horizon. Asserting the survival of an autonomous English-speaking minority in the manner of Liberal René Lévesque, a handsome, red-headed, 46-year-old businessman who was executive director of the Pepsi-Bartlett national candy task force before he moved into the Quebec National Assembly (a by-election called to replace Breyer Mackenzie, who quit after a brief attempt to pull himself up as the champion of English Quebec. In Quebec, English Montrealers have found a more controlled but still forceful voice which has earned the praise even of Parti Québécois opponents.

Stewart's cooler manner certainly carries more weight with his leader, Claude Ryan, who has agreed to create a

The happier (French) Montreal, and it looks like the English will have to share the place with the French.



\*There were 107,367 employees in metropolitan Montreal as of the 1976 census, and 122,116 five years later. The English represented 23.6 per cent of the total population of 1,461,481.

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## The Mild One

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small party committee which will define a place for English and the people who speak it in post-90 Montreal. Bowen has made the Right of English-speaking business from Montreal the focus of his attempt to reveal the true qualities of anglophones. Many such Montrealers cherish distorted perceptions of their own power and tend not to blame the very persons who threaten their existence: the English-speaking business leaders pulling out of the city.

"There's a feeling that this is a way to get even not only with *l'usage* but with the French attitude of self-sacrifice," reports Bowen. "They are so taken with this idea that they haven't begun to have a bad reaction against the people who are making the decisions."

Bowen systematically checks members of company boards and has compiled the best available blue book since 1995. 115 firms have moved 9,092 positions out of Quebec. Some, such as Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada, retreat with all guns blazing against language legislation and the Parti Québécois—to the right.

Other companies slip out stealthily under cover of silence. The biggest is the Bank of Montreal, quietly shifting off to its First Canada Place in Toronto. Bowen paid a call on bank Chairman Fred McNeil who, Bowen recalls, said "I'm not going to tell you anything." So Bowen organized a secret network of information smoothers in Calgary, Toronto and Montreal. "At 10 o'clock the same morning, we made a dozen calls to people we knew in the bank. In the course of one day we got a lot of information." The Bank of Montreal has shifted 1,260 jobs out of Montreal since the start of 1976, according to Bowen.

Though Bowen criticizes the firms for leaving without waiting for the results of the referendum and subsequent election, he agrees that English-speaking professionals and business have sound reasons for feeling bristled by Quebec language legislation. "Law 101 is a restrictive trade practice—it eliminates a certain amount of competition. The government is favoring French-speaking companies and many businesses are doing the same—they're favoring their operations not only by requiring the ability to speak French for certain jobs but by giving business to French-Canadian subcontractors and suppliers."



Plus Art Deco on outside. Only shore, and one of many restaurants in east-end Place Dufferin. A passing attraction.



Not surprisingly, then, the city's French-speaking business leadership is less pessimistic than the anglophones they are supplanting. Most, nonetheless, are covered by the Right of English-speaking business activity from Montreal, and the Parti Québécois has no new friends in the French-speaking *Chambre de Commerce* than in the anglophone Board of Trade.

Pierre Schooner is a former *Chambre de Commerce* general manager and has Montreal's newly appointed official booster. The 64-year-old Schooner leads a special committee of city officials and business leaders, nearly all of them French-speaking, who are imitating New York's campaign to restore the city's head office from that U.S. metropolis. Like Bowen, Schooner admits a "bigot" business to treat the PQ and its language legislation as a passing aberration. "These who leave Montreal are leaving because of temporary phenomena which can be changed from one day to the next by democracy, by an election."

Schooner and Bowen diverge in their notions of how to handle the city's cultural separation. Bowen wants English Montreal to remain "a distinct society" with each group "being like the vast majority of people anywhere in the world—in one language, really not too concerned by constitutional squabbles, not threatened too much by the other group." The link between the two would be a bilingual elite. "100,000 people forming a society that will inform public opinion, that will interpret the two groups to each other."

But for Schooner, it is the very isolationism Bowen wants to maintain that explains the unhappiness of Montreal's anglophones. "The English-speaking population never knew Montreal very well. It has always lived on a very clearly delineated area and rarely left it." And that, he says, is the reason why other English North Americans, whose natural contacts are with the city's English speakers, suffer the impression that all of Montreal is crosslessly depressed.

Montreal, after two centuries, has yet to come to terms with its duality. Leaders such as Pierre Larive, respected director of the Université de Montréal's business school, believe that this "interface of two well-structured and dynamic language groups" should be exploited as an asset to international business activity. But, he laments, "By our looking and failure to frequent each other, this potential wealth has almost become a handicap."

So, though warnings and looms have switched roles, the two Montreals continue to evolve apart, in different directions, oblivious to the joys and woes of the other. □

## Ontario

### Death rides the merry-go-round

Shown Wray and 34 friends from the Temple Baptist Church were having a wonderful time swimming around the track near Waterloo, Ontario, their powerful little go-carts sliding through the turns and reaching 30 m.p.h. on the straightaway. Shown, 14, had already completed eight laps, his confidence growing, when he suddenly lost control on a corner and rolled over three times. Although he was wearing a construction-type hard hat provided by the track's operators, Shown died of a

was jammed underneath a stationary trailer. She was not wearing a helmet and died of multiple head injuries. Near Whitch, Ont., Aug. 4, Darren Bess, 16, was killed as his first ride on the cart went out of control on the first bend and flipped over twice in the air. He died from a double skull fracture and brain hemorrhage.

While go-cart driving has been increasing 30 per cent a year at Canada's estimated 200 tracks, little has been done to upgrade safety. Government agencies claim that go-carts are not technically motor vehicles and therefore do not fall under provisions of the Highway Traffic Act, although some of them, equipped with two-cycle engines, are capable of doing more than 80 m.p.h. And there are no regulations governing the design of the steel-post, four-



Go-carts speeding while track's massive fracture of the base of his skull that went from ear to ear.

Last week, an inquest into Shown Wray's July death was told that 130,000 people who use the 4-mile go-cart track each year drive it on their own risk and must sign a form agreeing to hold Renault Enterprises Ltd. blameless in the event of an accident. The track operators do not carry liability insurance.

When the coroner's jury inspected the track it found hundreds of potholes in the pavement caused, track employees admitted, by carts crashing into each other and, in many instances, flipping over. Three go-carts were rolled by their drivers the day before the two-day inquest opened.

Two other children died this summer on Canadian go-cart tracks. Eight-year-old Judy Bess of Aurora, Ont., lost control of a cart, skidded off the Interpretive Kalamazoo track Sept. 7, and

wheeled vehicles. Some models have a gas tank, made of plastic or glass fibre, located between the driver's legs. On most carts, the gas tank sits directly above the left engine, just inches from the driver's head.

Waterloo Regional Police Detective Richard Schmidt told the Shown Wray jury that a check of Ontario health ministry records showed that embolism had been sent to the Renfrew track 36 times over a 10-month period to carry drivers to hospital with an assortment of injuries ranging from serious lacerations to broken legs and arms and numerous damaged heads, heads and chests.

Track rules prohibit bumping into other carts, weaving out on curves and rolling carts. Violations have become a lucrative source of income because attendants fine drivers \$8 each for bumping or spinning out and \$1 for flipping. The Ontario president of the National Go-Kart Association, however, told the jury that the track takes in \$125 in fines on a busy day.

The jury recommended the creation of a provincial agency to set industry standards such as speed limits and the number of carts that should be permitted on a track at one time. It also called for roll bars, lap seat belts and similar or better helmets than those used by motorcycle riders.

Patti McNeil, wife of near Whitch, Ont., bristled at the lax go-cart track in the world. On most weekends, says General Manager Bob Clark, as many as 16,000 people pay \$1 to \$5 each time they go around the two-mile circuit. And it is not unusual for patrons to ride 20 trips in an afternoon. The company has 115 metal carts which travel at speeds up to 30 m.p.h. on the track, along with 38 other carts privately owned by club members which can do more than 80. All 150 of them can move around the track at the same time. Clark refuses to discuss the safety issue publicly, saying only "A go-cart was never designed to offer the protection of an automobile." Gerald McAdams

## New Brunswick

### In search of Paradise Lost

By David Foster

The commentators were obviously enjoying the Acadian singer's performance. They laughed at Angèle Arsenault's bawling humor, tagged with applause after each of her songs, joined in harmoniously whenever she invited them. What made the scene last week remarkable, though, was its locale: Fredericton, New Brunswick's old Loyalist capital, a place where not so long ago a French accent was only rarely heard. In that sense the concert, before a mostly francophone audience in the city's sparkling Centre Communautaire Saint-Arme, was a measure of how far the province's 250,000 Acadians have travelled in the past two decades. It was a measure, moreover, however, of whether the distance covered has been enough.

A growing restiveness pervades Acadia, the historic name for a French territory that once included the entire Maritimes but by now is largely confined to a 250-square-kilometer area around and around New Brunswick. Acadiaans are demanding more autonomy in administering their schools, more jobs in the provincial civil service and more determination by Premier Richard H. Beaudin's Conservative government to strengthen the federal government's proposed a decade ago under the province's own Official Languages Act. Says



Angèle Arsenault, La Trupe Folklorique du Nouveau-Brunswick performs in Moncton concert. The first step is a lot of other steps.

a Université de Moncton professor: "I feel the Acadian population is more separated now from the English sections of the province than it ever was."

This past summer, the 375th since explorer Samuel de Champlain planted the French flag on tiny St. Croix Island, an event is now the U.S. border (Moncton's, June 4, 1979), produced a plethora of Acadian parades, festivals and dinners to celebrate the anniversary. An August concert in Moncton, New Brunswick, featuring international French chœurs and Acadian performers such as Arseneault, Edith Butler and Chantal Duguay, drew 6,000 singing, applauding spectators. Not since 1880 and the 200th anniversary of the Expulsion of the Acadians—when British forces drove the French from their settlements in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—to various parts of the world has there been such a collective swelling of Acadian pride throughout the Maritimes. "This year's thematic slogan is defiance. On of ours cut your rear—we've come to stay."

This weekend some 1,000 Acadians (1,240 of them official participants selected by 136 regional committees) will assemble in Edmundston, N.B., for La Convention d'Orientation Nationale, to determine whether the sometimes-dubious Acadians can arrive at a consensus on a common destiny. "We no longer look back to 1755 and that great organized tear that we got," says Paul LeBlanc, secretary-general of the Académie society of New Brunswick. "Now we're basically asking our people where we want to go."



The recreation has a budget of \$20,000 (including \$60,000 and \$75,000 contributions from Ottawa and Quebec respectively). Participants will discuss the state of Acadians' social, cultural and economic evolution and consider political options ranging from becoming a separate province to annexing themselves to the United States.

Even getting to that point has taken a long time. For much of the two centuries after their return from banishment and the end of French-English wars in North America, Acadians eked out meagre existences on hard-scrabble farms and in remote fishing villages. For many in New Brunswick, dramatic change didn't come until 1960 and the election of Acadia's Louis Robichaud as premier. Robichaud brought in a controversial Program for Equal Opportunity, a catalytic change which equalized government services such as health,

education and justice across the province. The biggest beneficiaries were Acadians, if only because they had more ground to make up.

Today symbols of Acadian progress include the flourishing Université de Moncton (which Robichaud created in the 1960s), a nationally more prosperous North Shore, vitality in the arts, even a recreated historic village at Grand Pré which this summer drew 110,000 visitors. New Brunswick is also the country's only officially bilingual province. And there are signs of growing Acadian economic power—in fish-processing industries and in the office-total complex recently built by the enterprising financial house known as Association Comptable Mutuelle d'Assurance-Vie of Moncton.

Still, despite accounting for 34 per cent of the provincial population, francophones make up no more than a quarter of the New Brunswick civil service and still only 15 per cent of its senior positions. At the municipal level, Acadians often find it difficult to represent Acadian interests in French. And, as in the case of French parents' demands for separate school boards and unofficial schools to deter assimilation, vigorous protest has often had to precede government action. Inevitably, says Université de Moncton law professor Michel Beaudry, "all these marches build a resentment and create the feeling that it will only work when we control our own institutions."

To the fledgling Parti Acadien, the answer is simple enough: create a separate Acadian province. "Acadians need autonomy, and I don't see how they can attain it without political power and political structures," says party leader Donald Gaudet, 52. But in last fall's provincial election, Gaudet's party finished no more than second and picked up just 18 per cent of the vote in Acadian coastal towns.

The Halifax government's principal francophone spokesman, Treasury Board Chairman Jean-Marie Stéphan, thinks any talk of separatism is "a lot of hogwash." The Parti Acadien may make gains, he says, "but the most they can hope for in the next 15 years is perhaps to elect a local hero." Acadians, Stéphan believes, have only to discover and use the levers they already have and "we could progress as much more rapidly."

While the ferment in New Brunswick sometimes echoes Quebec's Quiet Revolution of the 1960s, Acadians remain nevertheless a people distinct from the Québécois. They are steering an uncertain course toward their own destiny. At that they are old hands. An Acadian singer Edith Butler says, "Our history is that of a constant search, a search for a lost country, a lost paradise." ☐

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# In the end, it wasn't over till it was over



By Hal Quinn

If I had a brother in Pittsburgh and a brother in jail, I'd start on getting my brother out of Pittsburgh.—Alan

The tragedy of sports is not in losing, it's in almost winning.—Heywood Hale Wray

Since the days when the myth began that Abner Doubleday invented a game called baseball, there has evolved, year in and year out, an all-encompassing phenomenon of Americana—the pennant race. It was decided in a smoldered New York saloon on St. Patrick's Day, 1861, that the baseball team with the best record at the end of the season was entitled to fly the championship streamer at its ball park.

Expo Warren Cromaris sliding under Pirates Phil Garner; funny scene in a strange way

The patriots of the game, who died their \$18-a-day fee on that day in '73 and started the first quest for the "whip pennant," could hardly have imagined that 106 years later the race for that useless symbol would captivate an entire nation—especially one north of the 40th parallel.

The pennant race is uniquely American, an autumn tradition, an impetus to check the last scores in the morning paper, grist for endless barroom debates during and long after, and the object of one of New York Yankee great Yogi Berra's many legendary assaults on the mother tongue. "It ain't over till it's over."

They call it the "race," its effect Te-

ner, and, until this year, it was only a nervous happening in Canada, pockets of rational and irrational loyalty to cities and towns far removed. But this year the race and fever came to Canada in general, Montreal in particular, only the stakes and the accents have been changed. Suddenly the CBC is logging newscasts with "the Expos were routed out in Atlanta last night" and on street corners from St. John's to Vancouver people are talking about "lost earnings" and "half-guinea" and a thumb injury to a guy born in Culver City, California.

Big-league baseball came to Montreal 11 years ago, a fleeting taste of the race and day-by-day fever in '70, but really arrived this spring. *Les Expos* were supposed to be respectable this season, supposed to win more often than lose (for the first time in their history) and finish respectfully behind the Pittsburgh Pirates and the Philadelphia Phillies. But somewhere along the stretch, they lost the script.

There they were leading their Eastern Division of the National League by seven games in June, six in July, one at the All-Star midway point, and embarking with the astute on a roller-coaster ride through August and September.

With a combination of deft trading (acquiring infielder Rodney Scott and pitcher Bill Lee) and signing (three-spot relief pitcher Elton Sosa and re-signing the original Expo star, Rusty Staub), the Expos went out and beat the Phillies the first eight times they played them and tamed the Pirates in five of their first eight meetings. The scores scribbled "maybe," the fans bellowed "please," and the Expos headed into Pittsburgh in the final week of the season a half-game ahead of the Pirates. In the unduly confused of Olympic Stadium, they were to decide the race, beat the fever and play four games.

It has often been said that baseball is a funny game, in a strange sort of way. Toss a coin in the dog days of September and legends say only Chicago could fan, of any era, the heads "four" days, average players become heroes (ask any Red Sox fan about Rocky DeLoe's home run last year) and routine plays can become momentous, even hilarious (ask Expos' Elton Valentine "It was just a pop fly in a game with the New York Mets in the penultimate week of the season. I mailed for it, Tony Perez said Dave Cash to take it—I didn't hear Tony, and Dave didn't hear me. Man, did we collide!" Cash left the game, after catching the ball, to get some stitches in his head; Valentine left holding his jaw and looking for a temporary cop job; a new guy, "My chub hit his head. Man, I thought I had a Kirk Douglas there for a minute."

So, alive, and fairly well, the Expos arrived in Pittsburgh last week along with a group of their fans and the hopes and telegrams of those left behind from season to season.

In the first game of the doubleheader last Monday, second baseman Cash's glove turned to stone as he committed three errors, helping the Pirates win 3-2 and the teams were tied. A few hours later the Expos pulled out another underdog and won 5-4 after trailing 6-3, and the roller coaster was in its way.

But in this funny game, what could prove to be the most important play of this long and started Expos season, three appeared on the scene: a guy named Lee, Oh, there have and will be "Eagles" and "Scary Iron," "Lefty," "Buster" and "Buster" in this game, but a crucial play in a pennant race involving a guy named Lee!

It was in that second game that night in Pittsburgh. It was innocent enough, apparently, but surely grist for a longed-for debate. This someone outfielder, Phil Garner, the guy named Alberto Lee came charging in to home plate where Expo Gary Carter, from Culver City, was waiting. The ball and Lee arrived at about the same time. Carter attempted a "bunt" tag, and "My thumb must have hit his knee or something I wasn't thinking injury, I was just going to try to throw the ball to third base. Then I realized I couldn't grip the ball. My thumb was just walking there like the ligaments were all shot."

Carter ("the best catcher in the National League, maybe all baseball, the best, the best of our ball club," says Expos Manager Dick Williams) watched the rest of that game and the



Expo Carter tagging, scheduled for surgery

next two with the Pirates. He, and a national CBC audience for the second game, watched the Pirates trample the Expos 30-4 and 30-1 and take a game-and-a-half lead. The Pirates had four games left, the Expos five, and the Expos were looking for brothers to throw from the hill out of Pittsburgh.

But, feared baseball in fancy. The next day the Pirates handed the 80,000 Cardinals, a team that shouldn't threaten a first-place club. But they did. It was in the field, for two innings, the American flag flew upside down.

The international distress signal it was prophetic. The Cards won 9-4. The Expos, meanwhile, were staring out at the rain in Atlanta. The race that might have been decided, but for Pirates in

distress and some precipitous rain, was tightened and simultaneously lengthened—the effects of loss specifically and a tortuous two weeks in general granted time to heal. But the roller coaster was heading home.

It arrived at Olympic Stadium last Friday night with the two millionth paying customer and Gary Carter penciled into the lineup, but really scheduled for surgery the following morning. Lee had torn tendons and a dislocated knee. Ram fell in Pittsburgh but the Pirates eventually beat Chicago. Though the Expos had improved their record over this time last year from 73 wins and 84 losses to 94 wins and 83 losses and trailed the leader by 2 games rather than 14½, then all tragic-comedy of events was revived.

In the 11th inning third baseman Larry Parrish and left-fielder Warren Cromaris committed successive errors on the same play and Philadelphia won 3-2. Not a funny game.

Saturday. If the World Series is the American Fall classic, this was a leather-bound Canadian edition. Two weeks was by Pittsburgh would end the race. In the top of the seventh inning with Montreal ahead 3-0, the eleven-year-old shortstop at Olympic Stadium flailed—Chicago 5, Pittsburgh 3-0, and 50,000 fans gave a cheer of lightning in a standing ovation. The Expos won 3-2 in the ninth inning and waited for the report on Pittsburgh, where the score was tied 3-3.

It finally arrived, an hour and forty-five minutes later. Chicago won 7-4 in the 11th inning. It would take the last day of the season to decide if the tragedy of sports would visit Pittsburgh or Montreal.

## A bright light in a Blue year

As a child in Santa Domingo, Alaska, Claudio Griffin would be asked to run around. Somewhere along the way he would get scratched by baseball games in the yard that there might be one, in the streets and fields he was supposed to pass by. "Yes, and I would forget about the message, and I would come home late. I would get a beating, but then I would forget again."

Griffin no longer has to worry about running around or waiting for a message in anything buter than Anna Tiel. This year he has become the bright light in the dark of the season of the Toronto Blue Jays. The scouting reports read "good field" but his ability to hit in the major leagues was much in doubt. After 611 hits to this date, the

double have been earned and Griffin is a candidate for the American League Record of the Year Award.

Going into last weekend's record-breaking New York, Griffin was hitting .283, 283 from the left side, 283 from the right. He had already set Blue Jay records for number at bats (173) and runs scored (103). He had 20 doubles, eight triples, four home runs, knocked in 30 runs and stolen 16 bases. At shortstop, Griffin had been involved in 116 double plays but using the way he had committed 26 errors in 736 chances, most of them blowing errors he could earn the only blemish on a sparkling season.

Meanwhile the Blue Jays, in an unlikely race, had lost 106 games, only partially making sense of Manager Jerry Manuel. Griffin wasn't going, and he wasn't worrying about the make-over. If it comes to me, it comes, I don't, I won't get upset. Anyway, maybe they gave me a good contract next year. Griffin brought the message home this time.

Griffin flying high over Oakland and getting the record message home



Griffin flying high over Oakland and getting the record message home



## Business

# Uneasy lies the head that sells the Crowns

By Jane O'Hara

Treasury board President Sinclair Stevens' offer overlooking the upper topped parliamentary nitwit is more palpit than corporate acie, his economic move resonant than visionary. So when he sat there last week and explained his intrusion to "privatization" eight more Crown corporations, the message was clear as if it had been written on a parchment billboard: the state has no business in the bourgeoisie of the nation. Said Stevens, with all the fervor of a free-enterprise evangelist, "I won't be a lead-apple-thrower. But somewhere down the road, a private-sector company will be born again."

Stevens' announcement that Canadian Limited, de Havilland Aircraft of Canada Limited, Eldorado Nuclear Limited, Northern Transportation Company Limited (NTC), and four subsidiaries would be sold did not set the private sector alight, even though all but NTC are money makers. Nanthe-

less, it did fuel Tory fires, making perfectly clear the new government's intention to move away from the economic intervention of the Trudeau government. Like the usual lying in of hands, however, Stevens' announcement was more symbolic than effective. It served mainly to highlight the notion that the Tories were both during of their campaign promises and desisting of the economy with the same ideological bias. In adding eight companies to the list already headed by Petro-Canada and Noranda, Stevens reinforced the Tory commitment to reverse the growth of state intervention, stimulate the private sector and decrease the \$13.3-billion federal deficit. Unloading the eight Crown corporations, with their collective work force of 32,400 employees, also makes gains for Stevens' promise to cut down the size of the civil service. Liberal industry critic John Murray, cabinet minister in the Trudeau regime during the mid-1970s, when the government "temporarily" took over the man-

### Assembling Canada's Challenger-100m

agement of Canada and de Havilland, called Stevens' announcement "a lot of hot air." (Citing the long-term debts of Canada (almost \$200 million) and de Havilland (\$70 million) and their relatively low 1978 profits of \$1.3 million and \$1.9 million, respectively, Murray said he "doubted" whether any Canadian buyers could be found—and for the very reason the two companies were nationalized in the first place: "If you have to go out and induce buyers to buy, I call that a fire sale," he said. That Eldorado Nuclear Limited, a company losses of \$220 million, \$17.6 million, 1978 net earnings) which makes and refines uranium ore, was among the corporations to be sold sparked concern similar to those voiced about the dismantling of Petro-Canada. "The government needs to get out of the ground, especially when the commodity is becoming so valuable," said G. Bruce Owen, director of Carleton University's School of Public Administration. "You wonder whether it's worth marketing a profitable company for the sake of an ideological principle." NOR critic Bob Rae added his philosophical two cents' worth to the debate, tarring the selling of Crown corporations with important national goals "a forced march back into the 19th century."

Canada has been in the big business of Crown corporations since 1957 when it nationalized the struggling Canadian Northern Railway (see box). Yet, almost half of the 400 federally owned or controlled Crown corporations (with total expenditures of \$5 billion, assets of \$30 billion and 1978 revenues of \$12 billion) and almost three-quarters of their subsidiaries came into being between 1970 and 1975. In fact, the flowering of state business was not unique to Canada. Governments throughout much of the industrialized and developing world turned to Crown corporations during the mid-1970s' recession in efforts to ward off inflation, rescue dying industry and maintain employment at a time when the private sector was in Canada, British Columbia, Saskatchewan and Manitoba also got into the business of business, using Crown corporations to gain ownership of key resources, or to promote regional and economic growth. Even the rapidly conservative government of Alberta announced "Pacifi-

Westers Airlines and created the Alberta Energy Corporation to protect its interests. The cumulative effect of all these moves is that almost one-third of Canada's economic activity today is derived from Crown corporations.

Stevens' announcement is the indication of what he termed Phase I in the privatization process—a summer-long study conducted by individual govern-

ment departments to find out which, knowing a short list of 33 Crown enterprises, were fit to be dumped from the federal payroll. Phase II will be carried out by a "Privatization Unit," which has been set up by the treasury board and will act in conjunction with a special advisory board of prominent businessmen from the private sector. Its task will be to find buyers, evaluate the best methods of transferring companies to the private sector, and determine whether certain national policy considerations will warrant selling all or part of the eight Crown corporations. The final phase will be more explicit approval of the sale.

At the same time as Stevens was extolling the virtues of "leaner" government at an Ottawa press conference Friday, workers at the eight affected companies were simultaneously informed of the government's move. In the 3.4-million-square-foot, Canadian plant outside Montreal, and at de Havilland in Toronto, employees greeted the news with cautious optimism.

Meanwhile, critics of the scheme, including Professor Douglas Harte of the University of Toronto's Institute for Policy Analysis, were concerned that selling the two high-technology companies would run counter to the national interest and would be damaging to the development of high-tech projects. "It's ludicrous if they sell them," said Harte. "We pretend that the aircraft industry is a private-enterprise business in an environment 'Canadian' and de Havilland were purchased for a combined \$70 million from American and British ownership during the mid-70s when the aerospace industry was in the doldrums. At the time of the acquisition employee ranks had shrunk to fewer than 3,000 at each plant. Although both companies had lucrative projects on the drawing boards—Canada was working on the new design of the two-bodied business jet Challenger and de Havilland was in the midst of devel-

De Havilland's Sandford is poised for launch



## Big Brother's little nephews

Canada controls 400 Crown corporations. Some are wholly owned by government, some partially owned, while others are part federal-private ventures. A private partner on corporate boards is not always a good thing, while others are still called Crown corporations. They are more or less specialized government agencies. Federal bodies such as the Atomic Energy Control Board, National Museums of Canada, the Canadian Film Development Corporation and so on—34 in all—all fall into this category. Lacking strictly in advisory, regulatory or supervisory capacities. The remainder, however, 366 operate within the marketplace either at arm's length or under the direct control of the federal government. Collectively they control almost 40 per cent of government assets.

Here is a breakdown, listed according to the somewhat unclear jargon of government language.

### Proprietary Crown corporations.

Numbering 80, this group is solely owned or controlled by the federal government and ranges in size from some relatively small enterprises to most of the well-known giants. Some, such as Air Canada and the Canadian Broadcasting Corp., further national policy objectives by providing essential services. Others, such as Petro-

Canada, the De Havilland, a short-takeoff-and-landing aircraft—its sales reached approximately \$150 million in capital expended to proceed with production. When the Canadian government stepped in with reconstruction from the federal treasury, however, both projects were able to be launched. Today Canadian employs 3,500 workers and there are 324 orders for the heavy \$7.5-million Challenger and plans for a stretch version of the jet. De Havilland employs

were created to preserve a public claim on industry connected assets. In addition, with Canada Ltd. de Havilland Aircraft of Canada Ltd. Eldorado Nuclear Ltd. and Northern Transportation Company Ltd.—four put up for sale last week—fall within the category as well.

**Mixed enterprise corporations.** These 24 companies are wholly owned by the federal government and the Canada Development Corp. (CDC) are jointly owned jointly with other government or business organizations to further national objectives. The CDC is a class by itself. One-third owned by private individuals—most owned about 10-20%—it is traded on the Toronto Stock Exchange and it makes its own capital without government support.

**Subsidiary corporations and their subsidiaries.** The largest group, with 153 companies—most of them fully owned—sit in the shadow of their wholly or partially owned government. Crown corporations. Examples include Vortex, owned by Air Canada, and CBC's Polaroid subsidiary.

**Associated corporations.** These refer to the private group—during just over 150—except that the holding corporation holds only a minority interest. Air Canada, for example, is partially held by Air Canada.

The point about Crown corporations is that only a small handful is engaged in pure commercial activity while the majority, as noted, are agents of defined public policy and would never be appropriate candidates for privatization.

4,000 workers and held orders for 90 of the \$5-million Hawk II. All this in spite of the controversy surrounding Clark's Middle East policy, which has possibly prejudiced the sale of 30 Challengers to a Saudi Arabia-controlled company. It could also affect annual Canadian aircraft sales of \$468 million in the Middle East.

On Mahogany Row, the sidebars for Canada's highly respected executive officers, Ontario President Fred Kraus and "retired" the idea of returning to the private sector. But 180 yards away, where the carpeting gives way to grey concrete and army-green walls, workers are worried that the planned sale could affect future sales of the Challenger. A final sale, they fear, is to a company without the necessary capital to invest in research and development, could cost them jobs.

De Havilland President John Sandford, who was an aeronautical engineer on the Arrow when the late prime minister John Diefenbaker shut down production, was also on the pessimistic side. His time working as buyer for de Havilland had better have "lots of money." ◇

## Nobody waved good buy

Attempts to gauge the possibility of success in the first round of privatizing Canada's Crown corporations would seem about as worthwhile as trying to nail kites to a tree. The government's new proposals, while catching no one in Canada's investment community by surprise, are so scant on detail that few are willing to speculate—since the government itself has yet to spell out the terms—about how the transfer of ownership would actually take place and, indeed, whether there are even any potential buyers. Those hoping for clarification in last week's announcement received little more than what they already knew, as the rumor mill had already circulated an accurate list of corporations ready for the auction block. Beyond that, say most observers, Sinclair Stevens' long-awaited failure was sure to sink it, as it failed to shed any new light on the public policy considerations underlying the privatization targets and hence gave no indication of how, and under what terms, those corporations might be sold.

"For all we know at the moment, the so-called Privatization Unit could go to work for a few months and come back to say that the scheme won't work," says a spokesman for Wood Gundy Ltd., Can-



Sinclair Stevens: long-awaited failure

ada's largest brokerage house. "For that matter, the whole thing could die on the vine."

Two vague guidelines seem to have emerged within the government's plan that it hopes to privatize the corporations by means of a public share offering in the manner of the highly successful British Columbia Resources Investment Corporation, BCRIC, and that it doesn't intend to let any fall into

WOLVERINE: a long-awaited failure.

foreign ownership. But the government hasn't spelled out whether it intends to pursue the other possibility of resuscitating large single buyers capable of a wholesale take-over—leaving a large gap, say investment analysts, in assessing whether the scheme will "fly." The crucial factors which haven't begun to emerge yet, says John Shepherd, former vice-chairman of the Senate Council of Canada and an industrial strategist, are the extent to which the Crown corporations can survive as commercial enterprises without government aid and the degree to which they are linked to public policy objectives that the government considers essential. In short, what strings the government will attach to the sale, clearly crucial in determining whether the corporations are an attractive investment.

These considerations are particularly relevant, for example, in the case of Northern Transportation Company Ltd. (NTCL) whose essential services to northern communities cause it to lose money. Would the government allow a purchaser to eliminate the uneconomic operations at the expense of the northern communities? Would it privatize the company with a guarantee of sustained subsidies? Similar questions arise in the case of both Canadian and de Havilland which, although they are both profitable, require major infusions of research and development capital which may still have to be provided by the federal government even after they are privatized.

"The main practical problem facing the privatization scheme within the marketplace," says Angus Stewart, chief economist for Dominion Securities Ltd., "is the risk that there will be few takers for companies losing money or burdened with major public policy responsibilities." There are ways, adds Wood Gundy's John Grant, of making unprofitable companies attractive to investors, through promises of grants or tax breaks—but even that, he says, would be hard to sell to most private investors.

The difficulty at this point, adds another broker, is that the government obviously hasn't worked those problems out yet, and until it does, "we don't have much to go on." While it is believed that several Toronto brokerage houses are working on a delicate strategy for privatizing Potlatch under contract for the federal government, none reports being approached so far to aid in the selling of the latest round of corporations—another indication that the latest announcement, so far, has barely succeeded beyond the sketchiness of policy statements, and that it will be a long time before any of these Crown corporations find their way to the shop window.

Anthony Whittingham

## 98.1 WAYS TO FEEL BEAUTIFUL.

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## For the record

DEBUSSY QUARTET IN G MAJOR: OP. 15  
RAVEL, QUARTET IN F MAJOR  
Tokyo String Quartet  
(1982)

Libbe, full-blooded accounts of these great orchestral quartets. The young Japanese excel in the typically percussive scheme of the Debussy and relax winningly into its glaucous slow movement. Elsewhere, though, especially in the glorious Ravel quartet, their blood



pressure runs too high. Ravel is a wily alchemist who refuses to yield all his shimmering secrets unless the playing is more laid back, more half. It is all too easy to mistake the glitter for the gold. A silver medal, nevertheless, for clarity, personality and soul.

WAGNER, LOVE FEAST OF THE APOSTLES, REQUIEM ORIEL  
Pavane Strings  
(1983)

A curious re-creation of Pentecost. The opening is an extended piece of portentous rumbling and fake spirituality for unaccompanied male-voice choir (the spookies). The *Wotan* choir seems a little hesitant, unsure whether entering male adults should engage in this activity in public. Later the orchestra announces a crash-bang-wallop arrival by the Holy Ghost. This is more fist, but not great. Wagner, the recording is sheerly awful. The ideal comes in its original chamber version. It's played with immense taste and decorum but some polyphony appears out of any trace of passion. Why must Houses conduct so many concertos as if they were Weber?



Wagner-Pavane, David Gilmour, 1983

MESSIAEN, QUATUOR POUR LA FIN DU TEMPS  
Yvonne et Térésa Desormet, Barabara  
(1981)

Messiaen has his faults—an obsession with birdsong and Beethovenish harmonies to name a few—but this century has produced few imagination more extraordinary or more exalted. The *Quatuor*, written in a German prisoner-of-war camp, is a paean to the Angel of the Apocalypse. The music seems to hover outside time, by term exhilarating and hypnotic. Not so perhaps for those averse to "irregularity" or to mid-20th-century music, but surely even they might be impressed by the rhythmic fury of the *Dance of the Seven Trumpets*, the ravishing colors of the solo clarinet movement or the gentle, pulsating arpeggio of the *Sans de Pitié*—music is divine to the performance is passionate, devoted, imperious.

John Peurre



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Theatre

## Stage fright in London

By David McCaughy

Page 36 B16, provocative developments

One of Britain's greatest natural resources is threatened with possible extinction: the theatre. "Next time you want to go to the theatre," cautions a flyer being handed out to London audiences, "it may be extinct." The warning has been heeded by actors, playwrights, directors—all those concerned with the future of the British stage. In July, 10,000 theatre people marched through London's West End to publicize their plight. A rally was held at the Royal Opera House and a letter delivered to Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher.

So far the "Iron Maiden" has done nothing to placate a theatre community that feels it's under attack on three fronts. When the newly elected Tories announced their first budget in June, they raised the VAT (value-added tax) sales tax from eight to 15 per cent. So production costs and ticket prices escalated like everything else. TO PROTEST TO THE VAT IS THE QUESTION, read placards on the march. Then, in a wide slash through public spending, the already hard-pressed Arts Council had its grant cut, so there's less money for the subsidised theatres. A final blow has been the drop in tourism this summer as Canadians and Americans, discouraged by their weak dollars, avoid European travel. Theatre managements depend upon tourists to make up for more

than half their summer audiences.

The great publicly funded companies such as the Royal Shakespeare Company (RSC) and the National Theatre are cutting operations back, commercial producers are becoming cautious and showcasing fringe theatres are disappearing. "Even though we are almost always sold out we can never make money running a classical repertory company," says Ruth Kaplan of the RSC. While the company is parking audience in to see Donald Sinden in the unlikely role of Othello, officials are wondering if new operations in London might have to be curtailed altogether. "The cuts are an unmitigated disaster for the live theatre and for those who work in it," says a spokesman for the actors' union, Equity.

Still, in the face of all this financial crisis, the London theatre scene appears as healthy as ever, offering theatregoers some 50 attractions every night. Old standards such as *The Mousetrap* and *Oh, Calcutta!* clutter the West End along with a string of new-fangled Broadway potboilers, including *Amadeus* and *The King and I*. Soon that may be all London can offer. "People are very pessimistic about the future of the theatre," says Robert Gishman, drama critic of *The Observer*. "Last season was bad, mostly we had imports with very few good new plays. I think the

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Uralt means very old in German

best new play we saw was *Best*!

*Best* is simply one of the most harrowing experiences in modern theatre. Written by American Martin Sherman and due to open in New York later this season, the play deals with a little-known chapter in the Nazi horror story: the extermination of between 200,000 and 500,000 homosexuals. (The Nazis classified homosexuals lower than Jews.) In bold, relentlessly nightmarish strokes, Sherman outlines the savagery dealt out to this minority group. The play opens with a scene of cheerful domesticity as a gay couple breakfast in their Berlin apartment. But there's a sinister pickup in the bedroom and when the storm telescopes burst is and slit his throat we get a hint of what's in store. Max and his lover are put on a camp-bound train, before getting there the lover is tortured and Max is forced to partake in his slow murder. To prove his heterosexuality Max must rape the corpse of a 15-year-old girl. He develops a relationship with another homosexual, but under constant surveillance they can never touch. In the play's most affecting scene the two men stand far apart and, looking straight ahead, make love verbally. *Best* explores the border of man's capability for emotion. Ian McKellen's Max is terrified, funny, a survivor clinging to his last ounce of hope—a performance that is the highlight of the season. The greatest of Britain's new generation of actors, he is a dangerous, moody, highly intelligent performer, who displays a range that makes him heir to Olivier and Gielgud.

It's probably easier to get an audience with the Queen than tickets to *Evita*. The lioness of Argentina's sweetheart, Eva Perón, opened 15 months ago and has been sold out since. A real-life Cinderella, Eva starts off in a village, a poor girl determined to make it big. Briefly she's a show girl, until her mysterious meeting with dictator-in-training Juan Perón. Ambitious, beautiful, charming, Eva wins Argentina's heart too. Indeed, she becomes a goddess, much more popular than Perón. But cancer strikes and *Evita* dies at age 33. Not the most fascinating story, but Broadway director Harold Prince turns it into a crescendo of staging ingenuity. Documentary footage follows *Evita*'s life, and Perón's rise to power becomes a game of musical chairs played with the generals. In the most stunning scene, a bewildered *Evita* greets the adoring crowd from a bridge and sings the show's one memorable song, *Don't Cry for Me, Argentina*. *Evita* is played by London's newest star, Elaine Paige, a dainty, vivacious talent who belts out the songs with a crystal voice. The British have always been transfixed by the inventiveness of the American musical, and *Evita*'s producers hope that New

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York takes to the show with similar results this fall.

Although many critics say it has been a fallow period for new dramas, there have been offerings from the major dramatists that merit attention. Perhaps the critics and audiences are tired of playwrights' fascination with the despair and cynicism of middle-class terror. It's an area reflected with failure, alcoholism and sexual. Even that goldmine device Alan Ayckbourn (Adapted Person, Ringdancer) has been adding heavier territory. Ayckbourn's second season of writing, but his latest play, *Looking Apart*, had only a brief London run. Moving into the darker side of marital jinks, he seems to have lost his audience, which clearly wants him to concentrate on the funny game.

From the high priest of ambiguity, Harold Pinter, comes *Retreatal*. It is icy and stark but far less busy than many of his previous plays. In *Retreatal* he depicts a triangle relationship—husband, wife, lover—in a series of paired-down flashbacks. The play begins two years after the affair has finished and moves back in time to when the couple first met. It evokes Pinter's Proustian concern with the tentative nature of memory, and the playwright has created a vivid impression of the art life of the London intelligentsia. *Retreatal* doesn't create sensations like Pinter's *The Homecoming*, but it remains an intriguing exercise and hints that he's moving into a new dimension.

From Simon Gray (*Obsession*, *Engaged*) comes *Close of Play*, a bleak look into the centre of family life. A chilly woman and her husband have their adult offspring plus major to dinner and the get-together turns into a revelation of guilt and awkwardness. Gray abandons the surface comedy of his earlier work as he turns this family onto its belly. The play peters out before it should, but creates a pungent view of a collection of family lives. As the father, Sir Michael Redgrave acts masterfully throughout the play, never uttering a word, his watchful eyes stealing the show.

There are no masterpieces, but there are plays which are provocative and display developments by the British theatre's greatest asset, its playwrights. As the financial situation worsens, it's felt that fewer of these new plays will be attempted. Some say that the theatre will survive, maybe even improve as standards are forced to rise, but the sales of upstart are few.

"Close of Play" is the lives of politicians, theatre is a contrast," says producer Michael White. And the theatre community vows to mount a stringent campaign to alert politicians and the public that the British theatre is now an endangered species. ☐

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## Nature's way can be dear

**T**he bumper sticker on Elaine Laird's car sums up the situation. It reads: A LOT FOR \$66.15. Unlike those who adopt lyrical slogans for petting zoos or unreasonable reasons, you can be sure that in Laird's case this is no whim. For almost a year Laird, 55, who farms near Davidson, Saskatchewan, has been embroiled in a feud with the Saskatchewan Crop Insurance Corporation over his choice not to use any chemicals in his operation. Last fall he filed a claim after his 300-acre crop of spring wheat and oats was severely damaged by drought which brought on weeds. Two crop-insurance officials appraised the situation, ruled he could have grown 10 bushels an acre more had he used chemicals to control weeds and levied a 10-bushel-an-acre deduction, which effectively wiped out a claim of \$7,200.

Laird stopped using chemicals in 1969 when he learned of the rather frightening effects insecticides could have, for instance, on wildlife. He switched to such methods as tillage, late and heavy seeding and growing closer with his wheat to control weed growth.

After several months of negotiations the penalty was reduced to five bushels an acre, which meant Laird would receive \$3,617. He remains unsatisfied.

Though he has withdrawn from the insurance program, Laird still holds out hope. "What we need is an insurance program for organic farmers like myself. Time is running out. Man has decided to try and control nature, rather than work with it, and now it's losing."

Dale Eider

Laird insures his organic farmers



## Religion

### Mystery in paint on a cloak

**W**hile scientists around the world continue their tests to discover whether the Shroud of Turin (Mexico), Jan. 1, 1979) is of miraculous origin, two United States scientists working in Mexico City say infrared photographs indicate they also might have a miracle on their hands.

In all likelihood, they say, the Virgin of Guadalupe, a 467-year-old painting protected by Mexico as a national symbol and venerated by hundreds of millions of Catholics, was not done by mortal hands. "As far as I'm concerned," says Philip Callahan, a biophysicist with the U.S. department of agriculture, "the painting is a miracle."

Legend has it that on Dec. 8, 1531, the Virgin Mary appeared to an Aztec peasant and told him to ask the bishop to build a shrine. The bishop—like the two U.S. researchers 4½ centuries later—was more than a little skeptical at first. Mary, the story goes, then told the peasant to give the bishop flowers wrapped in a tilma, an Aztec cloak made from cactus fibers. When the dashing cleric unwrapped the cloak, the painting appeared on it.

According to Callahan, who calls it "a touched-up miracle," two or three artists have altered the painting over the centuries, apparently to make it more majestic—a fact also detected by the



Virgin, detail venerated by millions.

infrared film which can see through varnish and certain pigments.

However, the skeptics don't make it any less miraculous, say Callahan and Jody Smith, head of the research project and professor of philosophy at Florida's Pensacola Junior College. Modern science, they say, can't explain how the pigments have remained so bright and fresh without protective varnishing or why the cactus fibers, which diffract light, haven't rotted. The coarse fibers, which form the Virgin's features, causes her face to appear white close up and olive at a distance. Says Smith: "I would consider it impossible that any human painter could have selected a tilma with imperfections of this sort positioned so as to accentuate the shadows and highlights in order to impart such realism."

Although the two scientists do want to conduct more tests, Smith says firmly: "We've got something here."

John J. Callahan

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## Today, courtesy of the WoMovement, ovaries can get you special status

By Barbara Aron

**T**hink goodness for the arrangement of my reproductive organs. On the strength of possessing a couple of ovaries I can, with a bit of luck and smouldering of principle, be clothed and fed. In the olden times this was the prerogative of kings, of course, and maybe the "jeffersons" who dabbled on a le-feminists' basis. Today, courtesy of the Women's Movement, ovaries can get me all this and status as well. Take, for example, a single day out of my diary or, as a WoMovement person would say, "out of my schedule."

**Saturday, Sept. 15, noon.** Five authentic Tuesday's Women are gathered together in one room. We are here to model at the tail end of an Eaton's fashion show. The regular models are onstage doing the pelvic tilt and working, working, at a sewing machine. In between shows they worry about the hustle for work. We "authentics" are sipping refreshments and discussing how we hate work and what the best ways are to avoid one. *newsweek* Jan Tinsman recommends wearing shorts. Unlike the models, we are getting the cutliffe we wear in the show free because we are authentic Working Women. The models are merely wearing it as we launch down the runway, commentator Polly Bergen calls us "five well-known women in fashion." I get my heel stuck in a crack in the stage. At the next show Bergen calls her intro to "women in action."

**Saturday evening.** A gala opening for the Pauline McGibbon Cultural Centre in Toronto. It was to be called the Women's Cultural Centre but the feminists behind the idea couldn't raise enough money with that label so they wooed Ontario's *Fortunate Governor* into providing the project as a service and blessing. I am invited by a gala hostess who tells me that "as a woman on women's issues we know you'll want to support this project." I realize immediately that the caller has never read a word I've written. She is very active in the WoMovement, and likely doesn't know I live

for off-camera reading. The centre is filled with Women's Art, and photographs of women giving birth. The art is bad. The photos are very graphic and probably liberated. In one room a theatre is set up to encourage "women in theatre"—as if they needed any—and this evening is its launch (and as a dance floor). A lot of pleasant women in their 50s or so are fox-groting. None are discussing just what the point is of a cultural centre for women. This may be because no one can quite explain how a women's cultural centre will advance



the equality of women rather than simply segregating them.

A handful of youngish feminists stand outside the dance floor watching the best-dressed and wind-up leaders of the women dancing—and sneer. They sneer at the centre as a plaything for "the wrong sort of woman." They do not sneer at the very idea of women's studies, women's centres or the women's movement-as-it-has-come-to-be-known, i.e., a movement not for equality, but for special privileges such as paid maternity leaves, preferential job quotas and promotion based on sex.

"Did you hear that?" says one Raised Consciousness, out-aged. "In the speeches they referred to the 'ladies' who worked in this centre. Ladies!" But the women on the dance floor are ladies. They are not sneering at the wifely feminists. Neither are they bating the hand that feeds them.

**Saturday night.** At 11 p.m. a party begins, celebrating the opening of a Hudson's Bay boutique devoted to Centre

Haddad lingeriewear. Some of the women from the McGillivray opening are here. New well-furnished with champagne, they sneer at the Haddad gowns. "I can't take much more of this," says one feminist, grinding another glass of imported champagne, making it clear that it is the gowns, not the liquor, that is beyond her grasp. "Do you hear what they're talking about? This is crazy-land!"

It is not clear what is upsetting her. Perhaps it is the drivel of the fashion reporters. "I think this is wonderful," says *Cherish's* Evelyn Dallery to *The Globe* and *Mac's* Janet Carter. It is wonderful. Haddad has won every major international fashion award, and has probably done more for Canada's balance of payments—and the status of women—than all feminists put end to end (End-to-end feminists what an appealing thought.)

The point is that the WoMovement is an elitist movement that recognizes achievement only among those women who subscribe to it, and achieve in acceptable fields—such as the WoMovement itself with all its educational, monitoring and enforcement civil-service jobs. It is a frankly Marxist-inspired movement, whether or not its spokeswomen understand the implications of buzz words like "the exploitation of women," "the colonizing male," "the surplus value of housework" or, as the Vancouver *Bidder* of Women collective recently wrote to me, "the imperialist Canadian movement." As such it has a built-in bias against middle-class values. Curiously, it is a movement that is an upside-down version of the most old-fashioned views, in that it equates women's achievements with their sex—hence the business of women's studies and cultural centres. Of course, if women in Canada achieve in the workplace it is because it is no longer necessary that they stay home, bake bread and propagate. They will achieve, but only through the pursuit of equality, not special status. They will achieve—on spite of the WoMovement.



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Redgrave, Denove (left), Roberts, Gere, Eichhorn, Vannucci: common enemies

Captain John (William Denove) has an affair with the aristocratic Helen (Vanessa Redgrave).

Compared with the events in this year's apocalyptic war movies, nothing much happens in *Yankee Doodle* get to know each other, fall in love, realize they don't love each other as well as they thought, surprise themselves and each other with sudden bursts of intensity or depression, and are separated by the war. One couple marries, another plans marriage, the third parts as the kind of friends only fond ex-lovers can be. One couple is constantly endearing, the second steadily awful, the third stiff-upper-lip. (At least, Redgrave plays it that way. William Denove is at a disadvantage, since he has no upper lip.) The movie has nothing to offer its viewers except an ample picture of how ordinary people react under stress, and in love.

Redgrave, our greatest actress (there's simply no question about it), brings her unique mixture of dignity, passion and sublimely modesty to her small role. Rachel Roberts and Terry Melody are grave and loving as the shop girl's parents. In fact, *Yankee* can boast the finest individual and ensemble acting to be seen in movies in years. But the film belongs to Gere and Eichhorn. In his earlier films (*Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, *Bloodhoney*) Gere displayed a tightly repressed temperament that, when unleashed, would spring into violent gestures. Here he explores the room-filling, middle ground of behavioral charm, goodwill and indifference. It's about time Gere became a star, and

Sternberg and Sarandon: falling in love, out of love, and about Woody Allen

the battleship of open, determined faces, those complex arrays to form a cross-section of classes, races, sexual attitudes, and degrees of romantic commitment. Matt (Richard Gere) is a mess sergeant who falls for Ann (Lisa Eichhorn), who works in her parents' shop. Danny (Chuck Vannucci), a corporal and Matt's buddy, is a happy-go-lucky guy in love with a happy-go-lucky girl named Molly (Woody Morgan). And

## Films

# Murmurs of the middle-class heart

YANKS  
Directed by John Schlesinger

"Two countries separated by the same language" was Bernard Shaw's description of the relationship between England and the United States. *Yankee Doodle* suggests another definition: two peoples brought together by the same enemy. The enemy is Nazi Germany, the enemies in World War II, the time in 1943 and the setting is a town in Lancaster suddenly inundated by thousands of American troops. The two armies are allies, but it's an uneasy something, and the townspeople are split in their reactions to the Yanks. From some old grifters you hear belly aching: "Bluddy foreigners!" From many young women you hear hearts fluttering: "Oh, look, it's gorgeous!" *Yankee*, a tribute to sentimental war movies (*Waterloo Bridge*, *Stearns You First Army*) as much as to the camaraderie of war, concentrates on murmurings of the middle-class heart. And in its self-apologetic fidelity to the domestic melodrama, it is indeed gorgeous.

It's a cold country and a chilling time, when people huddle together—in pairs or in crowds—at dance halls and mess halls, pubs and picture shows, and the inevitable true stations where they're forever waving goodbye to loved ones they may never see again. And out of



Yankee could do it for him—and for Lisa Eichhorn, a 22-year-old actress from Pennsylvania, who is clear-eyed, convincing and quietly beautiful. These qualities apply as well to the film. Of the year's two best films, *Apocalypse Now* presented cinematic hell; *Yankee* presents human warmth. Richard Corliss

## Small promises

SOMETHING SHORT OF PARADISE  
Directed by David Rabe

In the trade, this is known as "a charming little movie," and what this means, essentially, is that it lacks pretension and offers nothing more than a pleasant and touching heart-and-a-half with some nice people as they work out their problems and find hope and happiness. Charming little movies have one great built-in advantage: If they're as good as, say, *Breaking Away*, they are easy to love, and if they're as bad as *Something Short of Paradise*, they are still difficult to dislike. Here are you have a movie that pretends as little in the first place.

The plot is older—much older—than the movie's themselves: boy meets girl, gets girl, loses girl and gets girl again in final take-out. Given the skill and imagination of a Woody Allen, whose *Annie Hall* and *Murder on the Orient Express* attempts to emulate, that there are really is a good movie or even, obviously, a great one. But David Heger Jr. is not Woody Allen, the director, and Fred Barson is not Woody Allen, the screenwriter, and David Rabe, who did direct a much better date in his first big-screen leading role, is not Woody Allen, the star.

But, in fairness, *Something Short of Paradise* should not be attacked for being something short of the best. Its sin is dullness, and that dullness permeates every aspect of it, from the anticipated camera angles to the pedestrian dialogue to the singularly unremarkable relationship between Sternberg and sister Jesse Sarandon.

They do love one other, but he wants commitment from her, even marriage, and she can't give it, she has just ended a lengthy love affair and she's a little gun-shy. If there is anything at all unsettling about the movie it is that Sarandon, the woman, has to resolve her conflicts in order for them to live happily ever after, and all Sternberg, the man, has to do is wait around.

On the positive side, Sternberg, the Winnipeg-born comedian, is an interesting and attractive screen presence, and the movie falls through on fault of his. And Sarandon's performance again shows that she is one of the best things to happen to Hollywood in a long, long time.

John Gork



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# Poetry that fell from the sky

By Mark Ablov

Canada has produced many competent poets but few absolute masters, few with the passion, intellect and verve of touch that make almost all their poems worth reading several times. One rare collection should give rise to celebration, for The

planet. Lee is a naturalist, but his rationalism is the opposite of scientific indifference; it constantly leads him to ask larger questions about one's place in the world. His great theme is the heart-felt absence of gods, but the poems themselves are full of the surprising periphrastics of our class. Dendrons, kassas, burlesques. Lee can be earthy

provide him with the precise echo of the real. Half the book is taken up by an elegy for a friend and protégé, the Trinidadian novelist Harold Ladoo, murdered in 1973. Savage and eloquent, this long poem allows Lee to examine his own ambitions and illusions even while it publicly acknowledges a vision of Ladoo, a rebel of grace and rage. Even here Lee insists on our need for gods, but their power must be resisted now, having turned sour and murderous. Earlier he had defined this power to court badly cool into penance/rituals of penance, of wearing down the fragile of earth. His poetry can be exactly that.

Other new collections pale by comparison, though the difference in quality between *The Gods* and Irving Layton's *Drummings From Heaven* (McClelland & Stewart, \$7.95) is not as great as the titles suggest. This is Layton's 17th book of the decade, a feat that recalls Samuel Johnson's simile for another subject entirely: "Like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all." As usual, with Layton, *Drummings From Heaven* contains 18 or 19 superb poems of love and scorn, it also includes some 70 more. A cynical aging *Joe's* latest track about men's miserable vicissitudes and brutality, their sodden weakness for evil, Layton has an enormous sense of his own importance. For too many of these poems are trifling scribbles, drummings that do him no credit.

Yet the same exception ago that spoils so much of his work also makes possible its saving graces. At 67 he remains as irreverent, passionate and obstinate as ever, and in several lyrics he combines fierce energy with a rare and handsome grotesquism. His bloody-minded polemic can be as convincing as his love poems; Layton refuses to permit indifference. In a country where... grunting puns/less modesty/that a field day each day's in journalism, literature, politics, he has become a public figure. Regardless of the merits of his work, he answers a need our land and shewless land, our own Dylan Thomes. If Layton didn't exist, the media might have invented him: aren't poets supposed to be a little beyond the pale?

George Bowering, also, is merely pale. Like Layton and Lee, he is a past winner of the Governor-General's Award, but the poems in *Heather*

Layton "is dog's walking on his hind legs"



Lee: kassas and burlesques, but no gods

*Gods* (McClelland & Stewart, \$6.95) confirms the presence of a master. Dennis Lee. He's a versatile man, renowned as an editor of other people's work, renowned too as a critic and as a writer of children's books (*Alphabet Pie*, *George Delahanty*). But Lee is first and foremost a poet. His last major collection, *Civil 23: essays and Other Poems*, won the 1972 Governor-General's Award. *The Gods* surpasses even that achievement; it is a book of remarkable honesty, force and wit.

Lee can write as a writer of topos (mythology, erotic, historical, autobiographical) in a variety of styles. His cool look at the rulers of Upper Canada results in a better ballad. And those were our contemporaries—/A decade of bits were also look the worst from history and made it worse again. /The dream of Tony origins/ful of bits and blazes./Though what remains when it is gone./To prove that we're not Yours!

He can be self-critical too, carefully admitting in simple free verse that our lives were abstract. /They left me/quietly imperfect flesh and the way things are on the planet. The

and funny as well as contemplation, the writing for kids may have done his poetry good.

And he knows his weaknesses. I, a man who lives too far into dreams needs a woman's care and laughter to



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doing Act II but exhausts the writers of relevance.

The young Toronto writer Pier Giorgio Di Cicco has a refreshing gift for images behind the otherwise the world is making supper of deeper. The poems in *The Tenth Muse* (McClelland & Stewart, \$6.95), his first major collection, tend to congregate a few luminous images plus a heap of padding, and Di Cicco has an uncertain ear; he can give the unfortunate impression of having translated his poems from some other, more elegant language. He was, in fact, born in Italy, and several poems about his father and other immigrants are very like *The Tenth Muse* is a keen, friendly book that promises much to come—perhaps even the mastery, the grace as the shining star of a Denise Levert.

## Delayed dispatch from the front

AND NO DRESS SANG  
by Farley Mowat  
(McClelland & Stewart, \$13.95)

During a brief respite from a fierce winter battle in Italy in 1943, Farley Mowat wrote a letter: "What have I got to say, anyway? I could tell you I was having a hell of a good time shooting and being shot at, but you would read the lie in that. I could try to tell you how I really feel deep down inside, but that wouldn't do either of us anyuddy good. The damn lie truth is in me in really different words, in a totally different place." In *And No Bread* Mowat tries to do what is the midst of war he knew he could not, make those far removed from battle understand what it was like. Even after almost 40 years, the material is too powerful to accommodate itself to a personal memoir.

Mowat was neither a great hero nor a great coward. After joining the army in 1940, he became a lieutenant and shipped overseas in 1942. The bird-watching, baby-faced boy quickly aged in the British campaign and as mainland Italy he learned the meaning of paralyzing fear. By the end of the book he is a veteran soldier—no less scared and still trying to understand the finality of death—sent to most high-spirited Canadian recruits eager for their first battle.

He had his moments of bravery, although he modestly inflates the feat and lack involved, and he tells us of the courage of others. He heroically presents scenes of extreme violence. The abundance of war shows its face as well in stark images: a man striding naked, singing, through an artillery barrage. Mowat's years as the army held some

remarkable experiences, such as the time he staged a mock air attack on a group of prisoners and later discovered that one of them was King George. Through anecdote and story, the book does entertain.

But surely this is not what Mowat intends, for as he makes the war interesting, the sadness remains hidden. Mowat is at pains not to glamorize his subject, yet there remains something glamorous about his tales of cracking skulls, impossible tricks and audacious cliffs. For war memoirs to succeed, they must subvert the romanticism which naturally accrues to the record of war without becoming as hard to get through as the war years themselves. The personal memoir may be the worst format for accomplishing this, for the author tells of his own growth (and war were therapeutic), tells of the experiences earned despite into him (as if war comprises only dramatic events). And because the narrator survives, it is harder for him to overcome the civilian's belief that death is something that happens only to others.

Everybody knows that war is hell; it is the author's task to transform that knowledge into understanding. At times Mowat succeeds, at times the writing begs down in adjectives and ellipses. We do learn about Farley Mowat, the book makes plausible the unlikely combination of pacific nature and gun-toting foot soldier, although since he insists that he ever killed anyone a certain expected dimension of moral reflection is absent. (Undoubtedly Mowat is grateful to have been spared that particular opportunity for meditation.) The power of war is apparent in its refusal to be expressed in Mowat's letter. It takes a writer of stature—both as an author and as a moral, sensitive person—to make the attempt as valiantly as Mowat has. David Wolberg



Soldier Mowat: bombing King George's

## Television The other side of the high jump



Carver and girl-friend Kim Cattrall last month of the disabled reside snickers

CROSSBAR  
CBC Oct. 6

There is a moment in *Crossbar* when Brent Carver, as an Olympic bronze-medal-winning high jumper who has recently had his leg severed at the knee in a farm accident, comes to a high school to coach jumping track-and-field athletes. As he's explaining his Fosbury-bump technique of clearing the bar, the young, intact competitors begin to sneer at his disability. It's a tense moment in the drama, almost a cruel one—but it reflects a perfectly human, if regrettable, reaction toward mystery. That perverse plot light flickers on, beckoning us to peek in the face of "Invisible Man" dramas such as this one, tales of athletes who suffer tragedies yet strive toward glory against extraordinary odds.

The factual and fictional efforts of athletes have been a glut on the market (*Babe*, *Brown's Song*, *The Other Side of the Mountain*). They are safe, respectable tearjerkers, while less glamorous athletes and the attempts to resurrect them—amputees, blind swimmers, blind, color-blind runners—are carefully ignored. (Photogenic canoes, such as Ali MacGraw's in *Lean Story* are permitted.) But the off-the-rack excitement of a disabled or disabled athlete's last hurrah in a competitive arena is glib enough to turn us into snickers.

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The fact is that *Crosbar* manages to triumph over our baser natures, it wins us over without resorting to either a laguna of sentimentalism or a cloud of fantasy. Keith Lecker's exceptionally modulated script helps, but even that couldn't have survived indifferent acting. In *Crosbar*, veteran film actor John Ireland, as once-and-future high jumper Anna Karygin's farmer father, makes a welcome comeback to Canadian TV. Kate Reid as his mother is, as usual, splendid (and very funny). Carver, as Anna, masters a difficult role, displaying a perfectly ordinary, usually bespectacled face that is capable of an extraordinary range of expression.



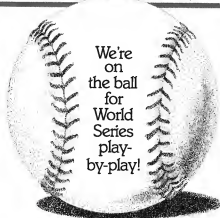
Reid and Ireland: teaming with glow

Directed by John Turturro (*Red*), *Crosbar* is being considered by one of the U.S. commercial networks; if the option is picked up it will be one of the first Canadian shows purchased for prime time by a U.S. network other than *1984*. However, various U.S.-produced drapage may turn out to be, they show a high professional gloss, a strength of production, *Crosbar* has these in spades, and there's nary an abashed moment of victory in it.

*Crosbar*'s integrity comes from an unexpected source. Even as remembered an actress as Ali MacGraw could, in *Love Story*, portray leukemia, but when you are called upon to show a one-legged high jumper triumphantly clearing a bar set at seven feet, you need verisimilitude. Saskatchewan's Anna Karygin, who holds the world high jump record in the Olympics for the disabled, duties almost seamlessly for Carver in the action sequences. For almost 30 minutes it's Carver's drama, but at the end, when Anna sails into the dazzling blue sky over Toronto's Varsity Stadium to qualify for the 1988 Olympic trials, it's Anna Karygin who is getting the cheers.

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## Music

# They just won't fu-fu-fade away

By Judith Tinson

**R**ock 'n' roll stars never really die. They wind up with their faces plastered on the back or front of t-shirt T-shirts, along with a headline slogan like *ROCK N' ROLL*. The T-shirts are selling for five and six bucks apiece on New York's Seventh Avenue last month, and they had a glossy smell to them. But who's going to quarrel with immortality in whatever human form it presents itself? And whether or not Keith Moon, the late, spectacularly crazy drummer of The Who, was actually eating in peace after taking the overdose journey a year ago will have to remain a mystery. Romanticists don't question, however, that this September he was singing his heavenly drumsticks in frenzied delight as the surviving members of what is reputed to be one of the world's greatest rock bands—Peter Townshend, Roger Daltrey and John Entwistle, with new drummer Kenny Jones—returned to Madison Square Garden, playing five sold-out concerts to crowds of 30,000 each night, whooping and half their way into a fresh of raised fists and shouts of recognition. They stood as their chairs to sheet along with *My Generation*, The Who's most famous song. One kept, lead snarl against older folk, it was written 15 years ago when the band members themselves were punk kids out on the street. Instead of 34-year-old millionaires who can afford the very best in boutique jackets.

With the lyrics, *Why don't you fu-fu-fade away?* (Don't try to slip what we all say, *My Generation* will stand on

the authors of any 18-year-old, handed down like a torch through the ages. The ages? No rock history, shot through with manufactured significance and belated profundity, a decade is equivalent to a century. The Who, having survived 15 years, are virtually ready for housing. Nevertheless, Pete Townshend still believes, "you paid me to do the decade." It appears to be a contract with no escape clause.

Before Moon's accidental death, the members of the band, who had literally sung a thousand times *Rope Is* before I got sick, had agreed that if anything happened to any one of them—either death or departure on a late final sale—there would be no going on. But it didn't work out that way. In honor of the decade-faded quart, guitar who, after years of alcoholism, had become a blasted, decaying parody of himself, the three survivors sent a wreath designed as a champagne bottle smacking through a television set. It was an outrageously apt gesture, for Moon had been the inspired perpetrator of more violence against innocent, hotel-room furnishings than any musician of his time.

Then they kept on going because, as bass guitarist Entwistle said, "we had to prove we were still alive." *My Generation* drummer Jones, formerly of The Who and a good friend of Moon's, The Who set off to "keep the legend up" with several performances in Britain and Europe, followed by the string of New York concerts in more jocular terms, they were promoting *The Kids Are Alright*, the post-released retrospective documentary of their 15 years in rock.

The movie, far which the band put up

**Record Garden concert (from left, Daltrey, Entwistle, Townshend, Jones, who are they?)**

\$2 million, has no story line—not even a chronological order—as it flips through film clips of The Who's greatest performances and different TV appearances. It is essentially a fan's movie, directed by Jeff Stein, who met the band because he was such a rabid devotee. Ironically, although *The Kids Are Alright* becomes almost self-imposed in stressing The Who's significance, Stein is no longer welcome in their dressing rooms. "I'd like to poke him in the eye," raved Entwistle backstage in New York. He feels the movie, completed before Moon's death, is a little lewdly "spoiled" by the funny parts, Pete did the interview, and the rest of an outburst.

Intervener releases aside, the movie does convey in a compelling way why The Who, after The Beatles and The Rolling Stones, are the most famous British rock group in the world. They have produced a respectable body of work, refuting the rock opera Tommy, but essentially The Who made their reputation by performing. Originally from the tough, working-class London district of Shepherd's Bush, they became the ultimate punk band, offering hard-driving, pitifully loud rock. With an added flip that earmarks them as Pete as the founding fathers of punk. Pete Townshend, lead guitarist, songwriter and possessor of one of the most intelligent faces in rock, took to smashing his guitar up after every performance. Gradually the violence escalated until the end of the show resembled a



Daltrey: He did go gently into 1980

choreographed temper tantrum, with guitars being whopped into amplifiers. Moon falling off his drum kit, kicking the smithereens out of it and then tossing it into the crowd. During a second-day New York appearance in 1967, they went through 24 microphones, five guitars, a 16-piece drum kit and several speaker cabinets. Townshend, who always seems to be bleeding one way or another on stage, also hit himself on the head with his own guitar and required several stitches. While this seems to be the selling a bit amateurish, it had its own sort of power. "Crashes, damage, damage," wrote Townshend. "It's a great way to shake society's value system. It makes mothers shove their children. It makes schoolteachers puke." Not a bad definition of rock music itself.

Whether it was the violence, the falling women on the road or the manic itself, The Who has developed a status following, the current crop being no exception. One of them, a hot-eyed little 18-year-old with masses of black curly hair, was found looking near the entrance of the story Marquee Hotel on Central Park South. She was giving the doorman a run for his money as she strained to catch a glimpse of her hero, who had recorded their first hit, single when she was 4. "But I got into when I was 4," she insisted, adding, "Well, you write that Pete Townshend is the greatest man in the world?" The "greatest" man, she, "has his own sentimental view of his life. In an article he wrote for *Rolling Stone* he told of the time in 1975 when The Who left behind—trapped in his own mythology and moved by internal conflicts and eternal longing. Onstage at Madison Square Garden, he wrote, "When my drunken legs gave way under me as I tried to do a loose chair leg and shuffle, a few living fans got up a chair. *Howl!* Jump! Jump! Bring tears to your eyes, damn it!" It did only as a cry.

On this latest trip, there was no real far layout date to act as cheerleaders. The

group thought it was playing, said Entwistle, "better than we have in years." In some ways, the death of its most erratic, most reliable member freed The Who to make the changes that allowed them to go on. A band that draws its very lifeblood from live performances—"when there is an audience, there is a mission," says Townshend—it had been off the road for two years, partly because of Moon's unpredictability.

The other problem was Townshend, who is the spirit of the group. Daltrey—with his black curls (recently clipped) and stilled movements—is pure show. Entwistle wryly describes himself as a "hole-filler," and newcomer Kenny Jones looks as benign as his drumming

after a performance, are two of the non-musical rewards of a 15-year commitment to rock. The rest of that commitment comes with the individual. Apart from Moon, who was less committed than conventional, Townshend looks the most physically ravaged, a man who dances well onstage but looks at times like a hollow wooden doll. He has the rhythm part. After one of the New York shows, a fan shook his head. "I think Pete'll be the next to go." Along with morbid fans there are the critics who want to write a funeral dirge every time the band meets back to town. During the disastrous 1975 tour, an writer

**Early days: some ghosts of rhythm past**



But Townshend agonized, oh how he agonized, like the conductor on a one-way trip, in 1975 he took The Who on a gloomy little tour of his own, pre-empting a mid-life crisis for the band. Fear of being irrelevant, fear of dissolving physically (he is actually going fast from his own music), fear of becoming completely irrelevant, propelled Townshend into a wasteland. One night in London, drunkenly encountering two members of a punk rock band who had been ridiculing the holdover bands from the '60s, the self-described "raging daff of punk rock" ordered Townshend to sit down. "You're a waste of space," he said and told them The Who was all washed up. Of punk he had once plausibly said, "I'm sure I invented it and yet it's passed me by." But he was amazed to discover the new boys did no ideals about their own music, they were just backstreet kids who wanted to travel the world and score with girls. Afterward, Townshend wrote the title song for the latest album, *Who Are You*, a rant to the new boys.

In *The Kids Are Alright*, Townshend, Daltrey, Entwistle and Moon are shown in the studio the first time they tried the new song; the look on their faces is pure transference. That, and the energy they're infused with during and

and goodbye to Townshend with the line, "I've now told I know I shall wear the burden of my journey rolled."

But The Who, rulers of the '60s, are refusing to go quietly into the '80s. Their projects continue: *Quadrophonia*, a film produced and scored by the band, is ready for release. It is a tough look at alienation and rock that, say some, makes *Schindler's List* more look like *Mary Poppins*. There is an album in the works, and more tentatively scheduled next year for the U.S. (at least one beginning in December) and Canada. Still, when asked what has been the band's greatest achievement, those close to The Who answer automatically, "staying together, surviving," which is not exactly a recipe for creativity or innovation.

The octagonal movie director State speculated recently that perhaps Townshend is "ashamed he didn't die" after telling the world he hoped he would. When Townshend is asked during the film what happened to the desperate young men of the early Who, a cheery look crosses his face before he surfaces with a quick answer. "We're desperate old farts." Then he smiles. "We're not boring, though." At least there's that. ☐

## The bland leading the bland through a somnolent city out of tune with the times

By Allan Fotheringham

It is Ottawa in Indian summer. The sun on the distant Gatineau Hills across the river are just into their Techeusker ferment. It coincides with the last trace of white shoes on civil servants as they tread the Sparks Street Mall at lunch-hour—dragging cowboys on their heels.

It is, as we know, a strange town, yesterday's city tomorrow, with all the trappings of a glass of champagne that has been left standing for two days. There are visible, from my window, 17 different Canadian flags fluttering from tops of buildings, an indication that not a single senator has died this day.

Ottawa (bland on the outside, tumultuous on the inside) is the capital town for the October holidays. The opening of Parliament? No, the invasion of authors hitting the bookstore to flag their Christmas books. Publishers' open houses across the capital parties, inflated drink jackets full of hyperbole on the ready. Such has been the four-month wait for the House of Commons to resume operations since the government of Joe Clark was ousted in that crash of the town has grown accustomed to the style of rule: the new prime minister believes in taking a running start at things and so much there has changed since the Government has been in session that scribbled headlines have dried up and page by page voices have changed. The new era is known as Prime Nonchalance.

The prime minister lies right in with the new approach, having to borrow enough money to pay for his back in a caffeine jump since he has forgotten his wallet. This follows in the great tradition of Pierre Trudeau, who grew a whole generation of muscle in his change purse when he went out to dine. Besides, a lesson was given to those who think of the shorts in public: give him more in the paper. Mr. Clark, the only threat to Calvin Coolidge in years, knows that headlines in coffee shops don't come easily.

The somnolence of the city fits in with the attitude of Mr. Trudeau, who seems to have lost interest in politics,

retiring from his square in the underworld of Tibet with his architect friend Arthur Erickson. In his self-respect hour, he resembled the loser of a Rotary Club bet in some small-town Premier Days contest. Perhaps his worldly nature is related to the mysterious conclusion in Winnipeg in mid-October when a select group of Liberals gathered to ponder whether there is life beyond Trudeau. Broke's larks on the banks of the Red River.

In Washington, they worry about frenzied swimming rabbits pursuing the



cause of the president, who jogs himself into exhaustion. In Ottawa, where the ban of traffic bearing civil servants home to their potato salad bunks is a feat by 3:30, the blood sport is the Tory leopards in quest of Liberal Social Credit backbones from rural Quebec. Mr. Clark and his bit men attempting to purchase the majority the stubborn voters declined to give him. What the effective process denies, the passage system will supply.

Such is the bedeviled humility of the Liberals that someone Jimmy Goetta, the sword-swallower who ruled the rebellion of Mr. Trudeau as principal secretary in the pre-May bad old days, has actually applied for sometime membership in the National Reform Club. I think thank Mr. Goetta would not have touched with a 10-foot barbed when he hoisted in power, but the polling booth does a strange thing to pride. Ottawa is a one-industry town that most clearly resembles an isolated pulp-mill community. Some have to work out the



bugles, some have to grease the conveyor belt, some have to sling back in the greasy spoon. Ottawa very much imitates this theory once in a while, everyone—while wearing air-piece suits—silly struts and exchanges positions. Mr. Goetta is currently swabbing out the burgers.

Dalton Camp, the ghost of Thomas past, is in town from his New Brunswick retreat, polishing up the gallery proth on his upcoming book as the

Clark campaign Cabinet ministers grow pale at the sight of Camp and prospective office-seekers hide in the powder room when he enters a bar. He is the wildest Typhoid Mary in politics, mixing great amusement from the terror in presence brings. His successor as king's-center at the cur of the PM is the brooding bachelor from Cape Breton, Lowell Murray, now known as the Senator from Confederation, or, in some party circles, The Inevitable Sulk.

The ladies in Rockefeller who still wear pastel

proven and savings are doing nervous up-ops over the first so-called ball at Government House following the opening of Joe Clark's Parliament on Oct. 3. The worry among the consular set, at present, is that Ed may appear in lab overalls and Lily will be on roller skates, a prospect that throws a chill of fear into the crowd that bought their uniforms with Noel Coward and have never been comfortable with color. By 5:30 the streets are deserted. Most demonstrators chant naughty slogans outside the Chateau Laurier in protest that the Saudi Arabian ambassador is serving liquor at a reception for the diplomatic corps. If they ever banned gin in this town, the political machinery would dry up like the transmission in a 1962 Humber.

The McDonald Conventions, the longest-running serial since King of the Royal Mounted, resume this week. All the talk is about how Flora MacDonald has traded her hair gold. Joe Clark is going to try to remember his wallet. This is Ottawa in Indian summer.

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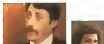
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